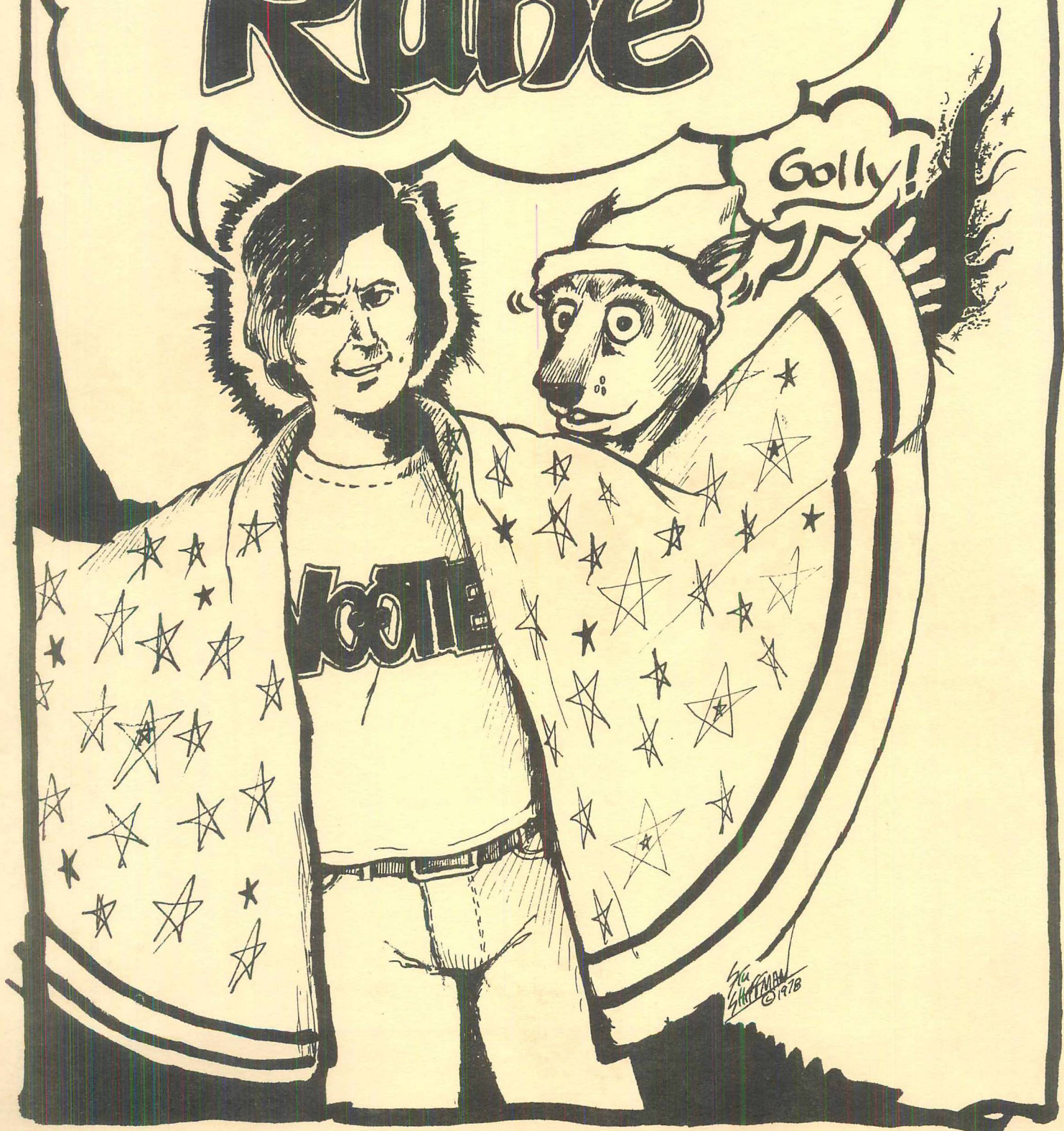


Yes, Merv, I've conjured up
something new in the mail~

Rude

Golly!





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EDITORIALS

CAROL KENNEDY --

This illo is an enlarged version of a name tag Teddy Harvia made for me quite awhile ago...I think it was at last year's Minicon...how life has changed!

If I am in a movie, it must be a love story...the kind that makes you shake your head and say cynically, "Life isn't like that -- who are they trying to kid?" And all the time, underneath, you're wishing life was really like that...

I didn't think so, either; and I also wished it was. And when I was most convinced, and when I least expected...

Jonathan and I have been together for more than six months. This has been the best six months of my life: the happiest, the most fun, the most productive, the most self-developmental. I have talked more, and laughed more, and cried more -- not from present unhappiness, but from realizations and release, and sometimes sheer emotional overload -- than in the past, oh, 10 years or so, put together.

I learn from him every day. I learn about him, about the world, about myself. He understands things that I thought that no one would ever understand. He can explain things that I could never understand. His influence on my life has been to enable me to become much more the kind of person I want to be. Our life together has a structure which I recognize: It's made up of bits and pieces I remember from dreams I thought would never come true...

Jonathan and I have decided that we want to spend the rest of our lives like this. And so we plan to be married in August.

I wish you all happiness and love.

**CAROL
KENNEDY**
THE MOVIE



FEMMEFAN (No. 1) by TEDDY HARVIA

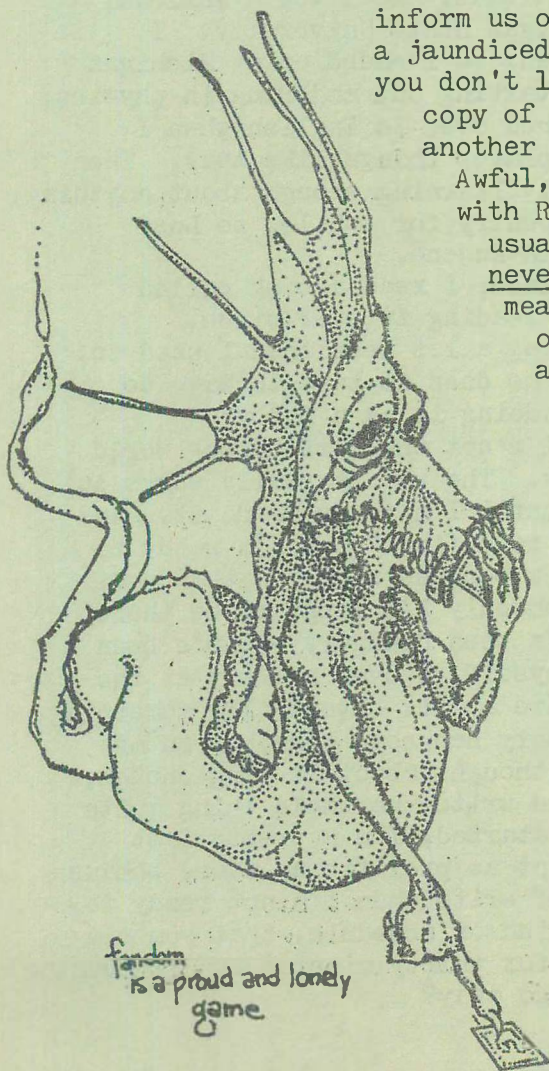
Carol

Talk about an anticlimactic editorial! I mean, it isn't everyday you get the spot on the bill after a marriage announcement by one's co-editor, right? And what I have to talk about is rather insignificant in such a light. But, before I get into my end, let me congratulate Carol and Jonathan on their current and future happiness and hope that all their troubles be small ones. In fact, I wish I will have the latter, too.

On the personal scene, I have left the ranks of the steadily employed for the more shakey existence of a temporary employee through Kelly Services and another smaller agency. Admittedly I miss the steady checks of a fixed amount to plan around my monthly expenses, but the amount of freedom the life of a temp affords me is worth almost any price. The major benefit my last job gave me was a skill. I am now a qualified CRT data entry-type person. Suddenly I am worth \$2.00 more on an hourly wage basis than I was 9 months ago. Amazing, isn't it? I was floored when I found out what they were willing to pay me. Quitting my job was made so easy with a decent offer resting in my pocket when I went in for my review. Ah, but freedom feels good!

Spring. Spring is something nice. In fact, I think everybody should try it at least once a year for novelty's sake, if nothing else. But, spring poses a very large problem for me. It is then that most fans chose to change their places of residence. And most of the fans who receive RUNE fail to inform us of the fact. The post office looks at this with a jaundiced and cruel eye. They charge us 25¢ to tell us you don't live there anymore and then proceed to trash your copy of RUNE. When Mark Richards notifiys me that yet another copy has been fed to the shredder by the Post. Awful, I am left with a dilemma. If the fan is active with RUNE, such as a paid sub, artwork, LoCs, etc., I usually pack up another RUNE and send it out but I never forget that person's name and twice burned means el-bounco from the mailing list. For those of you out there who don't qualify for one of the above approved methods of getting RUNE on a regular basis, this lapse can be fatal. If you value RUNE, protect your enjoyment and let us know when you move by dropping us a COA, ok?

By the time most of you receive this ish, it will be 6 months together for me and Rachel Fang. Things still seem to be going smoothly, building firmer foundations daily, and building ourselves as well as the relationship. I was talking to a friend and his companion at the recent WisCon in Madison about this when it dawned on me that the Firesign Theatre was right about something, but never applied their axiom to inter-personal relationships. What they said was, "Every thing you know is wrong." When it comes to a deep, understanding and soul-strengthening relationship, all previous knowledge is, indeed, wrong. The past rarely mirrors the present when you are dealing with love and all human emotions. I wish, somehow, I had read Ted Sturgeon more when I was young. I might not have waited so long to discover love.



INTERVIEW WITH JOHN VARLEY

INTERVIEWER: GERRI BALTER

GB: I'm interviewing John Varley here at Orycon in Portland, Oregon. I really want to thank you for letting me interview you, especially in your present condition. (John pinched a nerve in his neck; he was wearing a neck brace and was in considerable pain.) You're a fairly new writer for a lot of people, and they want to know a bit about where you come from, why you started to write, and how you got interested in science fiction.

JV: All right. I was born in Austin, Texas in 1947, lived in Fort Worth, Port Arthur, and a little town called Neterland, Texas --- I guess I was there from about the third grade to high school graduation. And all I could think of for the last five years was getting out of Texas. So I won a National Merit Scholarship and applied to MIT and Michigan State University. I assumed I was going to MIT, and was turned down; so I ended up at Michigan State. I went there for a year and a half, starting out majoring in physics. I found out there was too much math and switched over to English when I decided I wanted to make movies, write screenplays, things like that. Then I dropped out because I figured I wasn't really learning enough about anything, and went on the road -- traveled around the country for awhile, to Los Angeles, San Francisco, and I currently live in Eugene.

I've read science fiction since the seventh grade; I read a book called RED PLANET, by Robert Heinlein, and I've been reading it ever since. Although since I started writing it, I'm reading a lot less than I used to.

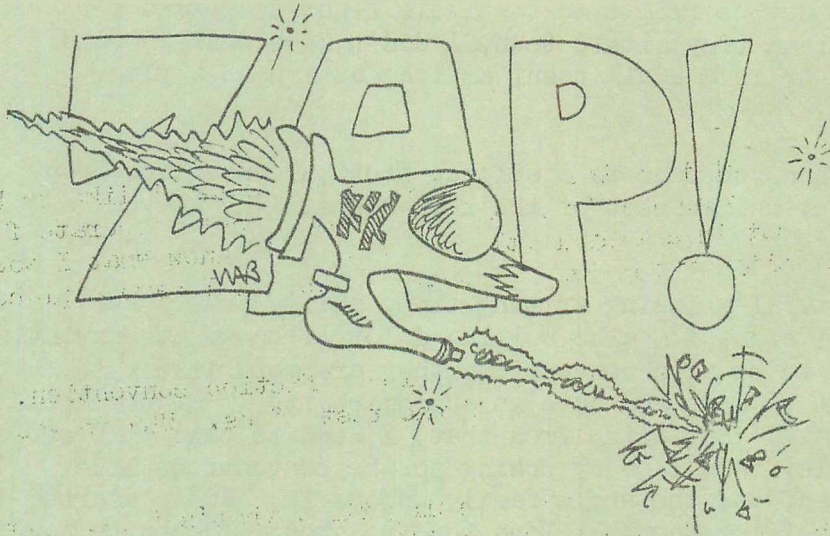
GB: You write for a living. What kind of discipline does it take to have to write science fiction for a living instead of doing it as a hobby?

JV: Well, it takes more discipline than I have. I'm not the best in the world at it. But I try to write something every day. The way it really works out is that I don't get any productive work done until I'm ready to do it. And

it's a hard thing to define "when I'm ready to do it". But I know because when I sit down at the typewriter, suddenly I'm happy to be there, whereas before it's been drudgery -- it's been terrible to make myself go over and sit at the typewriter and stare at it. Eventually something happens and the story has come together in my head. After I've thought about it long enough, I can sit there and write the whole thing quite fast. Once I get started, I'm a pretty fast writer. But I'm not as prolific as some, because I can't make myself write when I'm not ready to.

GB: Do you have some kind of schedule, that you sit at the typewriter for thirty minutes and if nothing comes to you, you go away?





JV: Ideally I do. I try to set aside the time from midnight until four in the morning every day. But when I'm not in a productive period, likely as not I'll sit in my chair and read a book for those four hours, rather than write. And when things get going real well, I not only write during those hours but I start sometime in the afternoon and can

write the entire day, from about four in the afternoon till about four in the morning, with breaks for lunch and for watching the news on TV and things like that, but essentially a twelve-hour day.

GB: Do you have a special room that you write in, or do you write wherever you have space?

JV: I'm pretty persnickity about that. I can't write just anyplace. I can't take a typewriter to a hotel room, for instance -- although I've tried that once -- and write anything good. I have an office, which in the place we're living in now is in the basement. And that's nice because there are no windows down there and it's dark and there are no distractions. If I have a window in front of my typewriter, I'll probably just sit there and look out the window all the time. As it is, there's nothing to look at but the typewriter, and that helps a lot. I can get things done down there. I have a pretty nice office. Basement often brings to mind to me dampness, coldness; this one isn't like that at all. It's the warmest place in the wintertime and the coolest place in the summertime, so it's really ideal.

GB: What made you pick Eugene, Oregon to live, rather than somewhere like New York, where the publishers are?

JV: Well, when I started writing we were living in San Francisco. I like San Francisco -- we all do to an extent, the whole family. But it seemed like a difficult place to raise children. And we had heard from some friends of ours who were in Eugene; we went and looked at it and it seemed nice. We moved up there; and since then there have been several science fiction writers who have moved in. Dean Ing was there before I was. Since then Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm have moved to Eugene. It has turned into quite a center of science fiction.

GB: Do you find that it's easier to write in a small town, rather than a big city?

JV: Not for me. It's not easier either way. It's just that I have a quiet place to go to; it could be in the center of Manhattan or it could be way out in the country. Although I don't think I could tolerate way out in the country. Eugene is about the smallest town I think I could live with, because I like more

resources than are available out in a totally rural environment. I like to have big libraries. I need to go to movies from time to time. I get desperate for something to do. If I was out in a tiny little town, I don't know what I would do. I could live in a big city or in a small town, as long as I have a place to go to.

GB: You write for a living. When you come to a science fiction convention, you are literally losing income, unlike some of the rest of us. Why do you go to conventions?

JV: It's more complex than that. I'm losing writing time, that's true. But from the strictly financial side, I'm also selling a lot of books at conventions. When people hear that I'm going to be at a convention, they are more likely to buy one of my books, so they can come up and have me autograph it. I sign a lot of books at a convention like this. But aside from that, I need to take time off from writing every once in awhile. And I enjoy coming to the conventions like this one. It's a vacation for me, and the whole family enjoys it. We've started to come to quite a few of them. I imagine that I've been to about a dozen by now, and I plan to go to more.

GB: Could you tell us what's the next convention you'll be at?

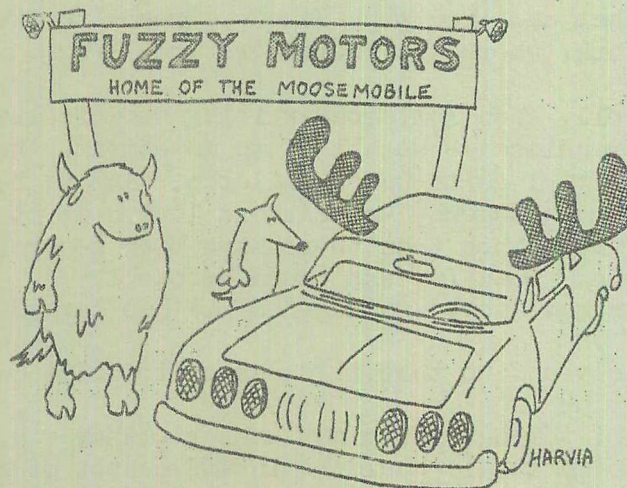
JV: Well, I'm going to be at Rain II in Vancouver. It's not actually a convention; it's sort of an extended party, as I understand. They don't have any programming; they just have people getting together. That's all right with me, because I'm not really tremendously thrilled about coming to a convention to talk about science fiction. I know my works fairly well; I'm not really a scholar on other types of science fiction. While it's interesting to sit on a panel, speculate about things, what I'd really rather do is talk to my friends. And that's what I mainly come to conventions for.

GB: Would you ever consider going to a convention just as a writer, rather than being a guest of honor?

JV: I've been to several that way. I went to the worldcon in Phoenix last year and we're planning to go to Boston next year. I've been to several others -- a few Westercons. For the ones that we have to travel a long distance, generally I don't go unless I'm a guest of honor and they pay my way. Boston's going to be an exception.

GB: You've been talking about "we" for awhile. Could you tell us a little bit about your family?

JV: There's Anet Mconel, whom I've been with for about 10 years, 12 years -- I've lost track. And we have three children: Maurice, the oldest, is 19; he doesn't live with us anymore. He's out trying to make music, trying to make a living at that. And if you think it's hard to be a science fiction writer, you should try making music. And Roger,



The antlers, of course, are optional.

who is 16, just recently started working and going to school at the same time. Youngest is Stephan; he's 12 years old and still going to school. So we have two kids at home and one who has moved away.

GB: You have a beautiful family.

I want to ask you a bit about "Persistence of Vision", which won a Hugo and a Nebula. Where did you get the idea and how much research did you do on the subject before you wrote the novella?

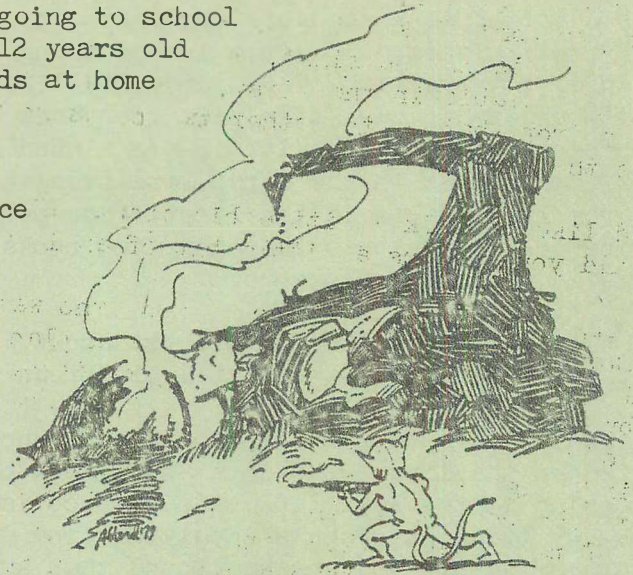
JV: Where I got the idea is very

specifically an article in the newspaper that was about the rubella epidemic that happened in the sixties, mentioning that a great number of blind and deaf children had been born that year -- many times the normal number of blind and deaf children -- and that naturally they were all coming of age at the same time. At the time this article was written, they were something like 10 or 11 years old. And I began to think about them, think about what happens when they become adults and what becomes of them. The article was deploring the fact that it was difficult to find teachers for this kind of child. They need to have teachers who are almost saints, with tremendous amounts of patience, to even reach them at first, and then to educate them in the manner of Helen Keller. So of course Helen Keller was the model for a lot of things that happened in the story. As far as research, I didn't do a great deal. My method in any sort of speculation is to think about it as long as I can, and to work out logical implications for everything. Now there might have been some mistakes about blind or deaf people. But the story has been read by some blind people who said they liked it. I don't know if it has been read by anybody who's blind and deaf -- I don't know anybody who's blind and deaf. But it was all speculation. I'm not saying that what happened in the story is what would happen if a community of blind and deaf people got together, but I thought it would be neat if it did. And it was a fun story to write. It just almost wrote itself in three or four days at the most, and I needed to do very little rewriting. It came out pretty much as is and was an experience for me. I was really moved by it. I feel totally responsible for it.

GB: I think everybody who read it was moved by it; everybody I talked to was.

Your novel TITAN has caused a great deal of controversy, both pro and con. There are several reviewers who feel that you didn't flesh out your characters well enough and I don't think they knew that TITAN is part of a trilogy.

JV: It shouldn't matter. It's my feeling and I think most people would agree that -- any book of a trilogy should be able to stand as a story by itself -- even if you read the middle one. You should be able to understand what has gone before and not feel that you have to go out and buy the third to understand the story. Naturally it would be better if you read all three and better if you read them in sequence, but each one has to stand on its own. So I can't offer that as an excuse for any weaknesses in TITAN. As you say, the reviews have gone both ways. A lot of people have liked it quite a bit; there have been some people who have been disappointed, particularly at the ending. I can see the problems they've had with it. Perhaps I didn't wrap it as tightly as I should have for one book. I was aware that there were two more books coming before the entire story was wrapped up, so I might have

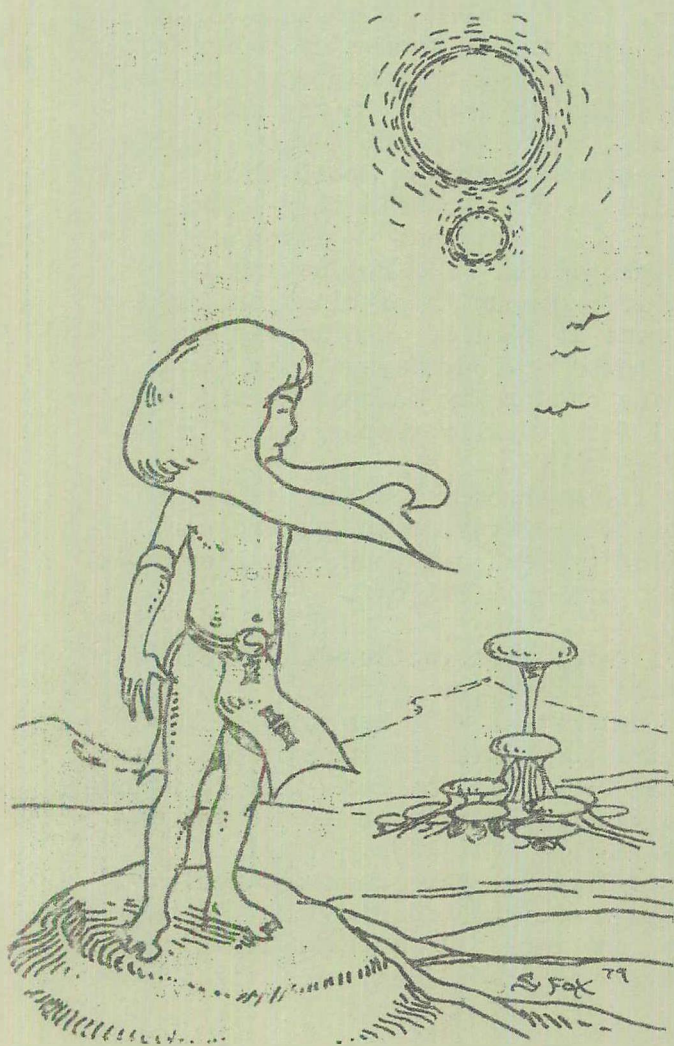


left things a little unresolved. And some of the things that happend might not make a lot of sense because there are things coming up in the next two books that will explain them. I left a lot of things open so the character of Gaea seems very strange, I think, in TITAN. And she'll seem a little more logical in the next two. You'll understand a little better why she does some of the things she does, although you won't like it. She's a much less likeable character in the second book than she is in the first, and even worse in the third. I'm not saying that she was really likeable in the first. She put on a fairly interesting front, and she begins to drop that as the other two books go along. She's quite insane, and gets worse as the other books go.

GB: I'd like to talk a little bit about WIZARD. I know you can't say too much, but could you give us a little bit of an idea of what it's going to be about?

JV: Well, it's taking Cirocco Jones, who was the main character of TITAN, 75 years down the line. The first book took place in the year 2025; the second book is happening in the year 2100. So Cirocco is over 100 years old but is being kept young by treatments she's receiving from Gaea, in payment for her job of being the wizard of Gaea. And she has found that she has been entrapped into several things. The main thing -- I guess I'm not revealing too much here because it happens fairly early in the book -- is that she is entirely responsible for the reproduction of a race of people which live inside Gaea, not human beings, called Titanides. They look like centaurs and have a very complex reproductive system involving each individual having three sets of genital organs and there are 29 possible ways for

from 1 to 4 Titanides to get together and produce a child. And each one of the 29 ways is totally dependent on Cirocco fertilizing the egg with her saliva. The egg, about the size of a golf ball, is totally useless to anyone until it goes into her mouth. She is the only one. Not only can she not quit the job, but she feels quite certain that if she were to die, the entire race of Titanides would be wiped out. They would die out, one by one, no more babies would be born. So she's pretty bitter about that and has not coped with it well. At the beginning of the book she is a drunk, coping very poorly with her responsibilities. The story concerns two younger people who come to Gaea because Gaea has set herself up as some sort of Lourdes in outer space. Anybody who has a medical problem that earth science can't solve, comes to Gaea. And Gaea says, "I will cure you if you will do something that impresses me enough, if you will become a hero." So then they all have to set out on some kind of a quest inside Gaea and do something crazy. They have to risk their lives, save someone else's life, do something that Gaea would see as heroic so she'll grant them a cure. Cirocco and Gaby, her companion, take these two on



a tour of the inside of Gaea, looking for something to do so they can get cured. It's bizarre, the situation is bizarre. They know it and they dislike it. They hate it a lot, but there's nothing they can do to get a cure but go along with the game. But the game gets kind of rough toward the end of the book, and I think that's about all I should reveal.

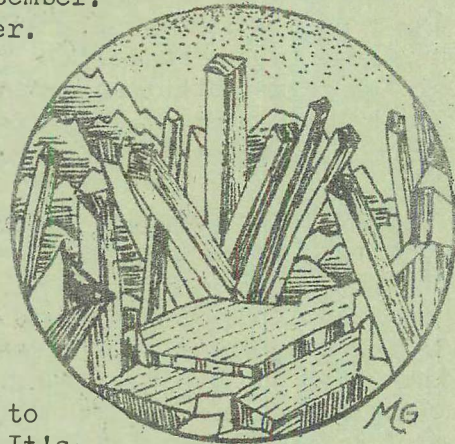
GB: That sounds really interesting. Could you tell us when it will be out?

JV: It's supposed to be May or June. It was originally to be March or April, but I turned it in so late that they set it back to September. The last I heard it had been moved back up to early summer.

GB: Do you know if it's going to be a Science Fiction Book Club selection like TITAN was?

JV: No, I don't know yet; I may not know for awhile.

I'm usually one of the last to be notified about this. I generally find out by reading about it in LOCUS. I'm hoping it will -- the whole set should. And Berkely will be the publisher and it will be illustrated again by Freff. And Berkely will be bringing out the paperback of TITAN, I believe, in March. They're planning to do a lot of publicity on it. It's not going to have the standard science fiction cover painting on it. It's going to be something like a silver jacket with the word TITAN and possibly a sort of very simplified designer type thing on the cover, rather than a painting. And the whole series would be consistent, so they would be able to bring it out as a box. I'm looking forward to that, to see if they actually are going to push it.



GB: Do you mean to tell me that beautiful cover on the hardback is not going to be on the paperback?

JV: I'm hoping that they improve on the beautiful cover on the hardback of WIZARD.

GB: Do you have anything to say about what goes on the cover?

JV: Very little. I've had some input on some of the covers, but I have no control over whether they're going to listen to what I say. For instance, for the first book, THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE, the artist, through the editor, told me that he wanted a description of this woman who was the main character. I gave a description; and they went ahead and painted what he wanted to paint, which had very little to do with what I told him. On the second one, I had more input, although he didn't paint it exactly the way I wanted it. But I'm not complaining, because it came out beautiful anyway; the colors are all wrong, but who cares! When it comes out that nice, who's going to carp about it? Not me. The third one I had nothing to say about; suddenly there it was in the mail, and that's what it was going to be. It wasn't my favorite conception for what should go on in the book. But that's a common complaint with authors -- they very seldom really like what somebody puts on their book.

GB: You mentioned something about having a short story collection coming out.

JV: Yes, there's going to be a second one. It has been going along, getting a

little bit done here, a little bit done there, in the middle of other novel projects which Berkely is handling, but it'll be an original paperback. We haven't even absolutely decided on a title yet. The title of the book will be taken from the title of a story, but we haven't exactly decided on which story yet -- possibly GOODBYE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

GB: You write both novels and short stories. Which do you prefer, and why?

JV: I have a lot more fun with short stories, because it doesn't take so long to do and I can usually wind it up in a week, or two at most. A novel is such a giant undertaking, trying to keep the whole plot of a 100,000 or 120,000-word novel in my head at once. It feels like a chore. This last one was a little easier than the first two -- maybe it's just a matter of getting used to them. I guess the only thing I regret about making a living as a science fiction writer is that you can't do it as a short story writer; you have to do it as a novel writer because that's where the money is. So what I have to write are novels, to make a living.

GB: Would you ever consider teaching short story workshops or classes? A lot of writers are doing that now.

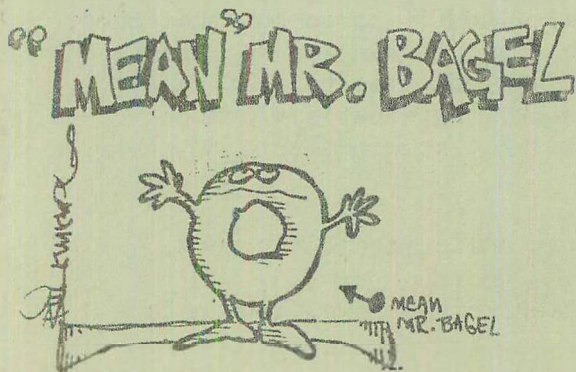
JV: I've been approached by Kate Wilhelm to do a week at Clarion next year, and I'm thinking about it. I went to a Milford Conference as an attendee. But I don't know if I can do it or not. I don't see myself as a good teacher, as being good at explaining how to do something like writing a short story. I'm not exactly sure how I do it, except that it's instinct. You sit down there, and you know when it's going right and when it's going wrong. I don't have a lot of tricks to give people. But then people tell me that's not what they expect anyway. They expect you just to read their stories and point out on a case-by-case basis what's wrong here and what can be done to improve it. I think I can do that sort of thing. Actually, teaching doesn't enthuse me all that much. I'm more of a solitary writer. I like to be at the typewriter by myself, doing my own thing, rather than talking to a lot of people. But I might give it a try from time to time.

GB: A lot of the stories that you've written are from a woman's point of view. What gave you the idea of writing from a woman's point of view? How do you do your research on that?

JV: Part of it was a conscious decision, and part of it is not really in my control.

At the time I started, I had noticed that there weren't very many interesting women characters in science fiction, and I thought there ought to be. So I decided that at least 50% of my protagonists would be female. I think it has worked out to be slightly more than that, maybe more like 60%. That part of it is because I can't force a story and I can't change what I see. I get a story idea by seeing a picture of something happening to somebody, and if that somebody happens to be a woman that's

just the story I have to write. As far as research, I'm not much of a researcher on anything. I don't know where I'd go for research on writing from a woman's point of view. I try to write from a human being's viewpoint. And with the kind of thing that I do write, that's a little easier than with some. For instance, a lot of the stories I write are about women who are women at the time of the story but have grown up in



a society where sex changes are easy and quick. So you have to assume that they've been both women and men, and that they're not actually like either women or men as we know them, who are totally trapped in a body of one sex whether they want to be there or not. They have more options opened to them, options in their own development. I would hope that they don't look just like women of the 20th century or men of the 20th century, that they're sort of a blend in some ways, more free to be whatever they want to be.

GB: It has been postulated, of course as you've written, that sex change will be very easy -- you just decide, well I'm sick and tired of being this, I'll be that. If you were living in this future, would you ever consider it?

JV: I'm sure I would. In fact, several times either I or someone else on a panel has asked the question of the audience, and the reaction is almost unanimous. I would say 90% of the people say that if sex changing was easy, painless, and cheap -- not like a surgical procedure, but something you could go in and have done in a couple hours with no pain, which wouldn't cost a lot of money -- virtually everybody would try. I've run into very few people who said they would not try it at all. What does it cost you? Postulating all this, if you don't like it, if it terrifies you, you could just have it changed back. Someone who would never try, a man who would never try being a woman or a woman who would never try being a man under these circumstances, must be a very unadventurous person. That's the way I look at it.

GB: What would you say are some of the problems of, let's say, the first generation? If it happened tomorrow, somebody invented this very easy way, what would happen to the people of our generation versus our children and our grandchildren?

JV: There would be a lot of problems. I've written one story about this part. It would not be the sort of thing that would suddenly be neat and clean and tied up over night. I think it would take at least 100 years and probably more before it was totally assimilated into the society. But I think it would be, and that each succeeding generation would be further and further removed from what we think of as sex roles, especially after a generation of children had grown up with the sex changes available to them. They would not have grown up as little boys or as little girls. They would have grown up as both and, of course, their parents would still have some crazy ideas in their heads. But their children would be even less constrained by these sorts of thoughts. They would be just people.

GB: One last question: For those of us who are trying to become science fiction writers some day, what kind of advice would you give us?

JV: About the only intelligent thing to say about that is just write a lot and send it in. Nobody ever becomes a science fiction writer by storing their stories away in a trunk. You have to love it, love what you're doing. Write every day. Write as much as you can and keep sending them in. The science fiction market is so hungry for stories that if you've got enough talent to string the words together and tell an interesting story, you'll sell it eventually.

GB: Thank you very much.



CAPTAIN AUDIO

and
the
SPACE CASSETTES

THE TRAILER

by Jerry H. Stearns
with: John Bartelt
Gerri Balter
Emma Bull
David Cummer
Chris Dronen
Everett Forte
Barney Neufeld
David E. Romm
Kate Worley

ANNOUNCER: "Radio Free Pellucidar presents --
CAPTAIN AUDIO AND THE SPACE CASSETTES!"

(echo effect)

Sound: (rocket blast off)

CAPT. AUDIO: "Space Cassettes, Reel off!"

DOPEY: "Huh? Oh...Dopey."

HAPPY: "Happy!"

GROPEY: "Gropey."

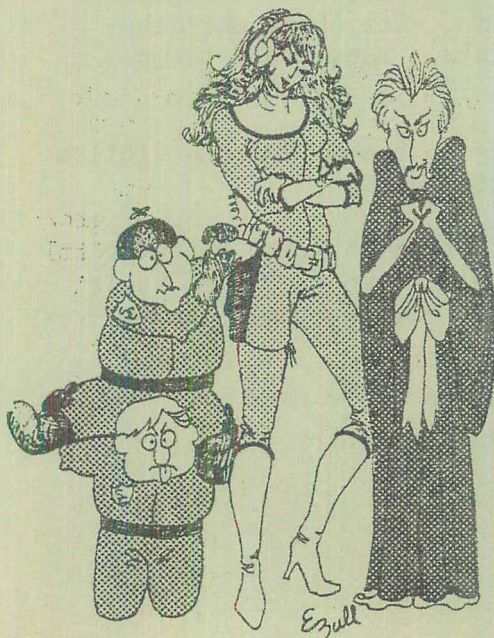
DUMPY: "Dumpy."

SPEAZY: "Sleazy." (dripping)

BONES: "Bones."

PATRICK: "Patrick."

Sound: (music swells)



ANNOUNCER: "Battle in outer space! In our not-too-distant future, Captain Audio patrols the solar system, keeping us safe from anyone who would exploit the vast riches and mysteries to be found in deep space."

Sound: (morse code signal)

AUDIO: "What's the message, Dopey?"

DOPEY: "Bullwinkle is a dope..."

AUDIO: "Not that message! Gropey?"

GROPEY: "Al Bum and his gang of H Bums are heading for Jupiter to -- heh, heh -- seize control of the giant radio source there."

DUMPY: "Oh, crap. Then he'll have the largest radio source in the whole system."

AUDIO: "And if he can manage to turn it on and receive, he can suck up all other radio transmissions in the solar system!"

SLEAZY: "Captain, I have to go to the bathroom."

AUDIO: "You should have thought of that before we left St. Paul Spaceport, Sleazy. Now the plot's afoot, and we're off to radio free Jupiter!"

You should have thought of that before we left St. Paul Spaceport, Sleazy. Now the plot's afoot and we're off to Radio Free Jupiter!



Sound: (fade to electronic effect of traveling through colored space...)

ANNCR: "In Space no one can hear ice cream."

Sound: (electronic effect, fades into interior space ship noises)

AL BUM: "L-L-L-L-Lovely ship, the M-M-M-S.S. M-M-Memorex, Captain."

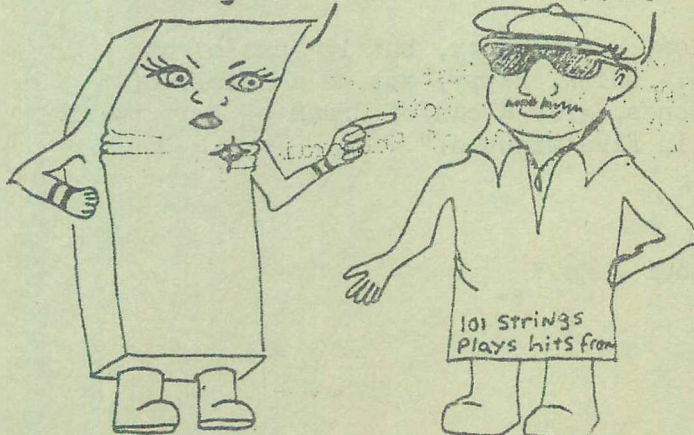
AUDIO: "Thank you, Al Bum. You know I'd never let you aboard except that you've sucked up all the radio transmissions. I'm happy to say that includes your own."

AL BUM: "B-B-B-B-But I'll b-b-b-be the b-b-b-biggest D-D-D.J. in the whole s-system when I w-w-w-win, Captain."

AUDIO: "Still think you'll win, eh? Al Bum, you're on the wrong track."

Still Think you'll win, eh? Al Bum, you're on the wrong track!

Q-Quit Needling me, Audio!



AL BUM: "Q-Q-Q-Quit needling me, Audio!"

AUDIO: "You'll never get away with this, Bum! Bum! Come back here, you bum. Hey, I can't move my socks!"

Sound: (sound of one hand clapping in space...)

ANNCR: "At the time, the tone will be (tone) Too late."

Sound: (explosion and bird-whistle laser fire)

AUDIO: "What's that?"

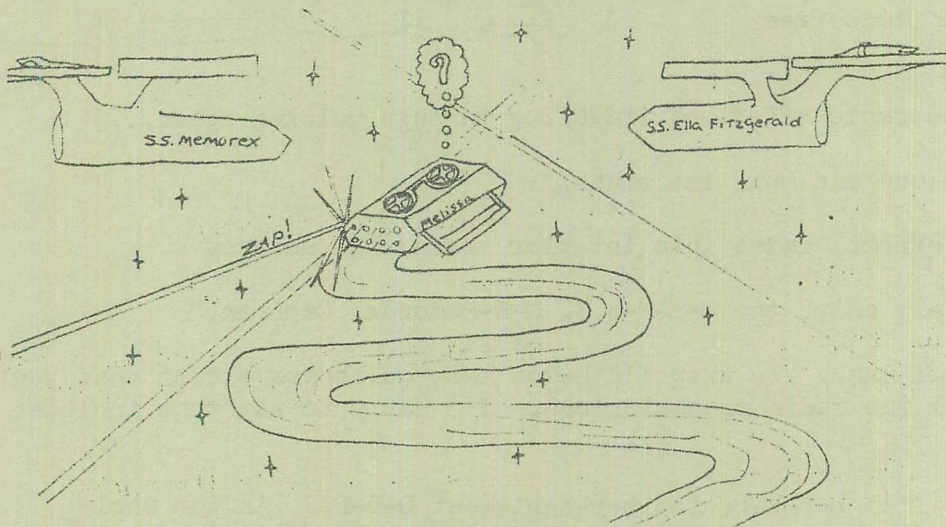
HAPPY: "Gosh, wow! We're being fired on, Captain. Look out!"

AUDIO: "Quick, get that shuttle back to the S.S. Memorex."

HAPPY: "They've been hit, Captain. Shuttle craft 'Melissa' reports guidance controls are out."

AUDIO: "Confound it! That shuttle is heading for the S.S. Ella Fitzgerald. Get them back here!"

HAPPY: "It's the guidance computer, Captain. It can't tell the difference between the Memorex and the Ella Fitzgerald."



AUDIO: "Arghh! My glass is broken. Call to battle stations! Battle stations! (warning siren) Battle stations! This is not a test. Were this a test, you would be instructed where to hide. This is not a test. Battle stations!"

PATRICK: "Captain, what are we gonna do?"

HAPPY: "WHAT are we gonna do, Captain?"

AUDIO: "I don't know. Wait! I have an idea. It's crazy, but it just might work. There isn't a moment to lose. Quick, Happy, get me a bottle of Channel No. 5 from my cabin. And Bones, grab a can of Cream of Primordial Soup and meet me in the launch bay in five minutes."

BONES: "I'm a doctor, not a delivery boy."

AUDIO: "Get moving, or I'll break five of your legs."

BONES: "Right, Chief!"

Sound: (electronic segue noises...you know what I mean)

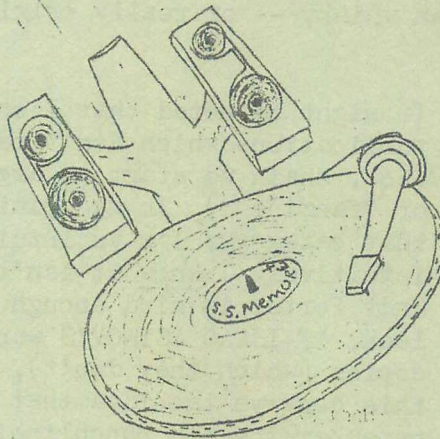
ANNCR: "Starring: Olivia Glendive as CAPTAIN AUDIO,
David D. David as AL BUM,
and Tammany Hall as STATIC, the
Wonder Oscillator.

Filmed in Super Summer Campevision.

High sci-fi adventure with CAPTAIN AUDIO and the
SPACE CASSETTES!

Coming soon to a theater or drive-in far, far away."

Sound: (musical out-tro...)



(This program was originally presented on
"Shockwave", a regular feature on community
radio, KFAI, 90.3 FM. Tune in on Tuesdays
from 6:30-7:30 P.M. for SF programs which
make "Pigs in Space" look sercon.)

FANFARONADE

by Carol Kennedy

OK, gang, let's go over the rules one more time. If you want your zine reviewed, send me a copy. That's in addition to the trade copy which you send to Lee, RUNE, or Minn-STF (or, occasionally, All of the Above). Send the review copy to Carol Kennedy, 410 Groveland Ave. #1205, Minneapolis, MN 55403. I know it's a hassle, and an extra expense. But trying to juggle fanzines among my, Lee's, and the Minn-STF club address (oh, and add those which are sent c/o former editors and well-known Minn-STFers) has become more trouble than it's worth.

I appreciate very much the review copies that I've been receiving, especially the ones plainly marked "REVIEW". Fanzines were my first contact with fandom, and I enjoy every one of them. Some more than others, of course...but we'll get to that in a minute.

While on the subject of "rules" (and I hope none of you are taking the word too seriously): In the future I will only review those zines which have a publication date later than the date of the last RUNE published. Feel free to send me old issues; but I won't review them unless there are extenuating circumstances (like bribes -- I'm very fond of Irish whisky -- or really original tales of woe about Why This Ish Was Late).

It might be noted that I occasionally review publications which don't really seem to be fanzines. (Now, shall we start an argument about the definition of "fanzine"?) In my opinion, STARSHIP fits into that category; I'm an intuitive thinker, and intuitively I know it isn't a fanzine. However, Andy Porter is kind enough to send it to me; and look, if ISAAC ASIMOV'S wants to send me review copies (which they don't), I'll review that. If this conveys the idea that I can be bought, just remember the old punchline, "We already know that. Now we're talking price..."

This time, reviews are limited to those zines which I found especially good or bad:

DIGRESSIONS #4 (Feb. 1980) -- John Bartelt, 401 - 8th St. SE #8, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Available for trade, loc, or \$1. 51pp. Unfortunately, this is subtitled "The Last Dangerous Digressions", and at the bottom of page 51 is printed: "Done at last!!! I'm free, I'm free!!! No more fanzines!!! Free at last!" Well, we've all heard that before... This ish has a bozo front cover by Jeanne Gomoll and Ken Fletcher and a beautiful astronomical



backcover by Kathy Marschall. Other artists whose work appears include Jim Odbert, Stu Shiffman, Ray Allard (too bad he couldn't get anybody good...). Articles are varied, from a sercon in-depth study of John Varley's short works (by John Bartelt) to an indescribable Pogo take-off called "The Okefenokee Hotline" (by Bartelt, Ken Fletcher, and Dave Wixon). John cleaned out his art file for this ish, so the layout is a bit crowded, but the multicolor mimeo is flawless. Highly recommended.



DYNATRON #72 -- Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. Available for trade or 50¢. 12pp. Horrible Old Roy Tackett doesn't care much about effete Eastern affectations like illos and layout and graphics and immaculate repro. Or Tocs or lettercolumns or reviews or... DYNATRON consists mainly of Roy's commentary, though it sometimes includes something written by someone else, to give him a jumping-off spot. Sometimes outrageous, sometimes outraged, sometimes amusing, sometimes bemused. Great stuff.

JANUS #16 (Autumn, 1979) -- Editors Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, Published by SF3, Box 624, Madison, WI 53701. Available for trade (all-for-all preferred), accepted loc, accepted contribution, or \$1.50 (next issue), \$2.50 (back issue), subscription 4/\$6. 40pp. Reviews of JANUS tend to be repetitious; this zine has been nominated for so many awards (and has won a fair number), and the quality seems to be consistently high from one issue to the next. In my opinion, this is the most graphically beautiful fanzine being produced today, and has the best sercon writing as well. This ish has an interview with and a series of articles on the works of Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, con reports, poetry, reviews, and more.

QUINAPALUS #4 -- M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404. Available for locs, humorous contributions, most fanzines, or \$1. "Articles about science fiction will also be returned faster than you can say SASE." 22pp. A mostly-Minn-STF personnel production; art by Marschall, Fletcher, Sarah Prince, Laramie Sasseville, Larry Becker, et al.; "The K-Mart that Time Forgot" by John Bartelt, "Revolt of the Vengeful Veggies" by Zyx. W. Vuts. Very funny and fannish.

SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE V.1, No. 7 (April, 1980) -- Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Subscription \$12/year. A news publication which concentrates primarily on publishing info. Many photos (b&w) of covers of new books. Very well done and useful if it suits your interests. I read every word, but I don't get too excited about it.

SHADOWS V. 2 (October, 1979) -- Dawn Atkins, 825 NW 7th St., Moore, OK 73160. \$4.00. 198pp. This is the most overproduced publication I have seen since I first sent for a fanzine. The 198 pages and two stiff covers are stapled, then bound with black bookbinding tape. It's rather a handsome package, on the outside. But the inside! It's fanfiction -- not of the worst sort, but perhaps one step above it -- printed in typewritten, double-spaced, wide-margin manuscript format. The art is a bit better than the writing, but most of it would show to better

advantage if it were reduced. Remembering my column in the last RUNE, I have to say that this fanzine is pretentious. And expensive.

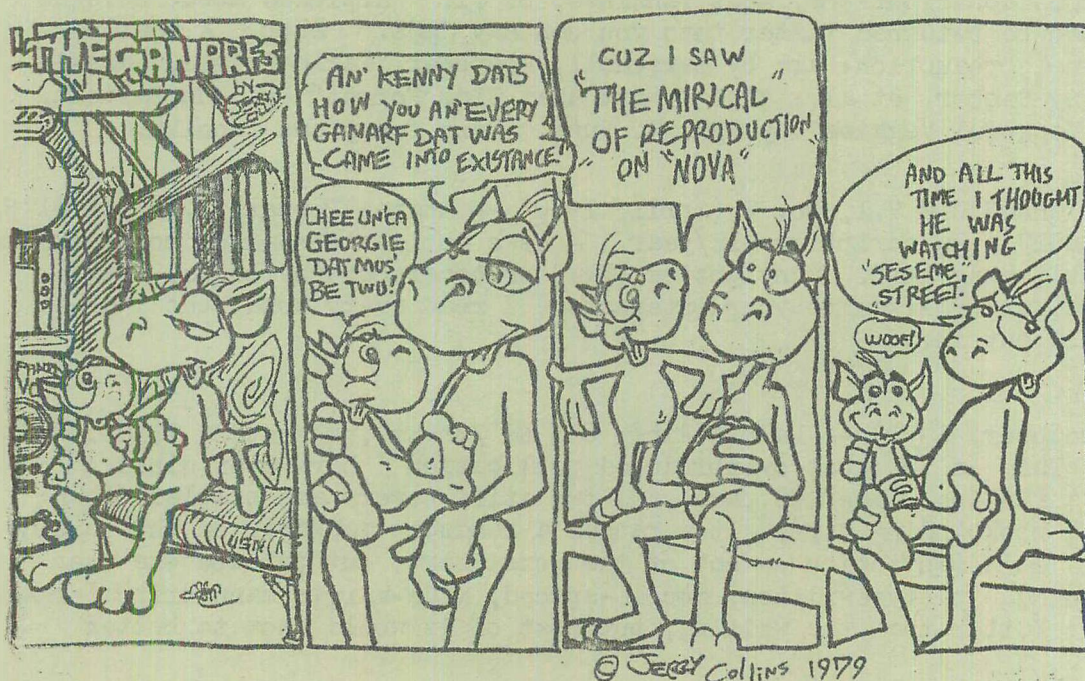
STARSHIP #38 (Spring, 1980) -- Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Subscription \$8/year. "The Magazine about Science Fiction", commercially printed. This ish has excerpts from the second volume of Isaac Asimov's autobiography, a column by Frederik Pohl, book reviews by Susan Wood. STARSHIP is beautiful to look at, has a feel of substance, and always contains several things I'm glad I read. I think it's worth the money -- I buy it when I don't get review copies!

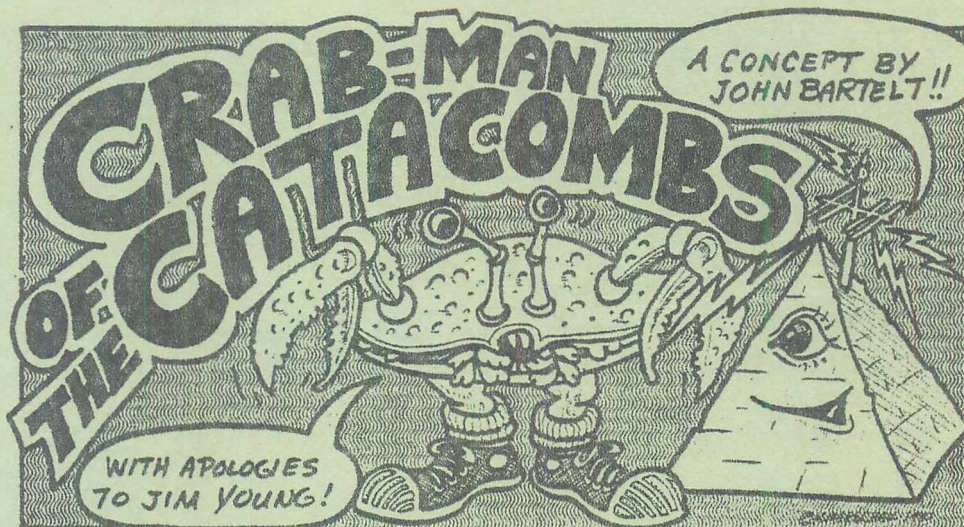
Hmmm, that didn't turn out quite as I planned. I just couldn't find things that I disliked as much as I liked the things I listed (with the exception, of course, of SHADOWS). There are two other items that I want to mention:

If you're reading this column, you probably like fanzines in general. And if you do, you really should get THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG. It's a bimonthly review of fanzines, from Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219. Available for trade (three WoFan for your fanzine), or 50¢. Brian and I definitely have different tastes in zines; but his listings are informative and extensive, while mine are idiosyncratic and limited...

The other publication is MINNESOTA TECHNOLOG. It's published six times each academic year by the University of Minnesota Institute of Technology, Mechanical Engineering Building, Room 2, U of M, Minneapolis, MN 55455. \$1/copy or \$5/year. The current issue has an article by John Bartelt on Fermilab. If you're a serious science buff, you might find your dollar better spent on this than on a mimeoed fanzine. Oh, they sponsor an SF writing contest every year; the entries come mostly from non-fans (and non-writers!) and seldom rise above the level of mediocre fanfic.

If your zine wasn't reviewed this time, don't cross me off your mailing list. Next RUNE will include a longer "Fanfaronade" with many more listings.





Researchers at the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute for Transtemporal Fannish Studies, Alternate Universe Division, have recently recovered a series of memos from a neighboring timeline, produced by something called "Royal-Fassbuch-Furredi Studios". We present them here for your edification.

To: Paul C. Pursen
From: David O. Aburbowicz

We have recently taken out an option on THE FACE OF THE DEEP by Jim Young. Take a look at the book, and see if you can't turn it into a concept.

DOA

To: DOA
From: PCP

I really think I can salvage this (see enclosed outline). In particular, I beefed up the part of Lea (renamed Roxanne, and making her white). After leaving the Citadel and joining up with the natives, she becomes a fertility goddess of sorts. I've left in an option for priests and priestesses and fertility rites. This is flexible, depending on what rating (FG, R) you want to go for. I would also suggest a new title: PLANET OF THE RAINBOW MEN.

PCP

To: DOA
From: Max O. Revlips, Make-up Dept.

Are you crazy? How do you expect to do crowd scenes when everybody has to have an extra pair of hands and a face that changes color? Do you know what that would cost? Forget the hands, and just make everybody green. That's alien enough. Maybe a funny wig.

MOR



To: C. Theresa Anderson
From: David O. Aburbowicz

Enclosed is Paul Pursen's outline for PLANET OF THE RAINBOW MEN (based on a novel by Tim Jung). Take a look at it, and see if you can turn it into an idea.

DOA

To: DOA
From: CTA

I think I can rescue this (see enclosed treatment). I've made the Rafe character (renamed Lawrence) a little older and more competent. In this version, he becomes a military leader of the desert people -- I've written in several more battle scenes which are quite dramatic. You probably want a new title. I'd suggest LAWRENCE OF THE ALIENS or BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE GREEN MEN.

CTA

To: DOA
From: Walter P. Allan

I've looked at the specs for the Citadel for this sci-fi flick you're doing. It would cost a bundle. I suggest something simpler: a pyramid, maybe. Couldn't that tie in with UFOs? You could even title it ALIEN PYRAMID or THE PYRAMID OF DOOM.

WPA

To: Ignatz U. Dusteigh
From: David O. Aburbowicz

Enclosed is C.T. Anderson's treatment for BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF GREEN MEN (based on an outline by Peter Peebles). Take a look at it, and see if you can turn it into a full-blown conception.

DOA

To: DOA
From: IUD

It was a struggle, but I think I saved it (see enclosed script). The main innovation was adding a little more fear/terror/excitement. To this end, I've built up the part of the crab-like mummy found in the catacombs under the city. Once he's brought on board the humans' ship, he's accidentally brought back to life....!

By the way, once you've read it through, I think we should discuss a title change.
IUD

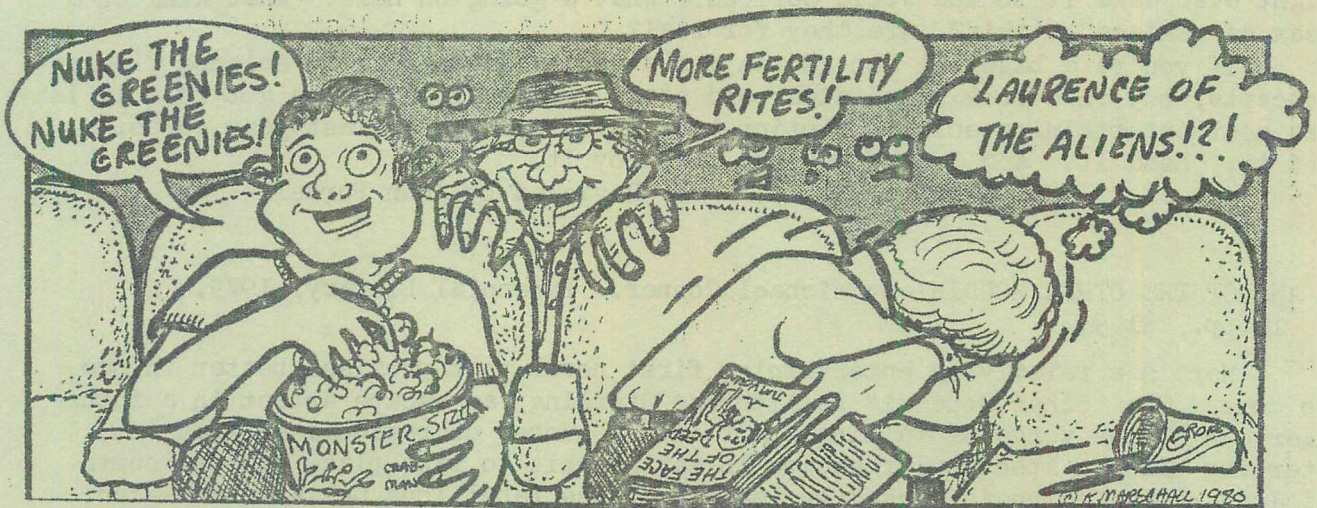
-PRESS RELEASE-

From: David O. Aburbowicz, Royal-Fassbuch-Furredi Studios

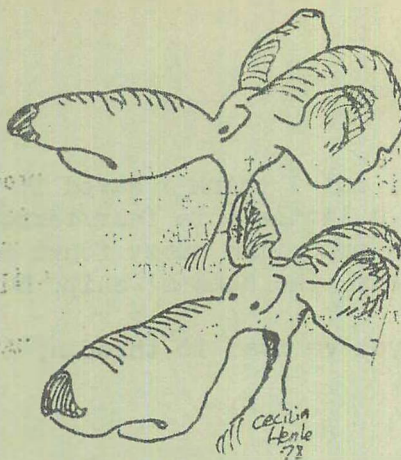
Opening at theaters and drive-ins all over America this summer, a science fiction horror film destined to become a classic: CRAB-MAN OF THE CATACOMBS.

SEE Lawrence and Roxanne trapped on the planet of the Greenoids!
SEE Lawrence lead the desert hordes in a life-or-death struggle!
SEE the sesuous Roxanne and her twelve priestesses in their strange fertility rites!
HOW had the two humans been changed by the mysterious pyramid?
WHAT was the hideous Crab-Man?
And would they find the secret of destroying him before TIME RAN OUT?

SEE: CRAB-MAN OF THE CATACOMBS!



Books



THE NEW ATOMS' BOMBSHELL by Robert Browne. Ballantine, 1980. 212pp., \$1.95.

Chicago hasn't had a decent baseball team in over forty years. The Cubs have lately taken to the habit of threatening until September, then fading away; the White Sox never do anything except play the patsies of the American League. It is author Robert Browne's opinion that the next Chicago ball club won't do any better, either -- at least until the season of 2002 A.D.

That is the year that a church league softball pitcher becomes the player/manager of the AToms; a psychotic fly-swatter becomes the leadoff batter; a musician becomes an ace outfielder; and a day-care center instructor becomes the top pinch-hitter for the club -- and she's good-looking to boot.

Meanwhile, the brains behind the entire operation is a blind, gifted computer wizard who accepted the challenge of programming the world's largest computer into spitting out game plans according to Laws of Probability, and literally "programs" each play, each game, each pitch, each movement on the field by the AToms' players.

Got you hooked yet? No? Okay, try this: The new Manhattan Stadium in Chicago is not really in Chicago. It's under Lake Michigan. For each game, the stadium is "floated" to the surface and becomes an island all of its own accord, complete with parking lot, bridge to land, and so on. The outfield lines are ridiculously deep, so it's a pitcher's ballpark. The AToms have been specially selected for playing at their optimum in this park, which seats 75,000 fans.

And the Chicago AToms -- a team that has been supporting the league for the last five seasons -- starts WINNING!! Suddenly it looks like the damn team might even make it to the World Serious! What's going on here? What kind of a team of maniacs is this? Are they for real?

If you're a baseball fan who enjoys a good mind-boggler in science fiction concepts, buy this book immediately and start reading it. You've got to. It is the most entertaining science fiction book I've read in the last year or so. Get it. Read it. And I dare you not to enjoy it.

-Reviewed by John Purcell-

I AM NOT THE OTHER HOUDINI by Michael Conner. Perennial Library, 1979. 186pp., \$1.95.

Here's a relatively entertaining first novel that promises better things to come. The "other Houdini" is Alphonse Sterling, an escape artist in a future American on the verge of falling apart into a number of regional sub-nations. Sterling plans a spectacular escape in Earth-orbit to take place on the Fourth of July, 2079, which is backed by leaders of the rebellious California region; but the Confederate government, through its agent Bruce Nukhulls, hopes to use the occasion to broadcast a subliminal message of continued national unity.

Nukhulls assigns Ryan Arcad, a guilt-ridden psychokinetic, to infiltrate the Sterling camp, and from there moderate fireworks are generated. There's

nothing startlingly original or stylistically unique here; but that's true of most books, especially first novels. Moderately recommended.

-Reviewed by Neal Wilgus-

SHADOWS 2 edited by Charles L. Grant. Doubleday, 1979. 212pp., \$8.95.

NIGHTMARES edited by Charles L. Grant. Playboy Press, 1979. 256pp., \$1.95

In my opinion, Charlie Grant is fast establishing himself as the best editor of horror collections in the field today. He's a good judge of writing skill, he has a knack for blending just the right selection of stories, and he has an appreciation for the genre.

NIGHTMARES is certainly the better buy of the two collections. Not only does it have a paperback price, but it has more stories and better ones. However, SHADOWS 2 is also a good collection.

SHADOWS 2 begins with William F. Nolan's "Saturday's Shadow", a story of wanderings in that terrifying labyrinth, the mind. "Night Visions" by Jack Dann tries for the same setting, but much less successfully. Manly Wade Wellman's "The Spring", about Silver John and his guitar, manages to be both earthy and spiritual. "Valentine" by Janet Fox is one of the best haunted house stories I've read in some time. "Mackintosh Willy" by Ramsey Campbell is a story of childhood horrors grown up, and is a fine tale. Ruth Berman's "Dragon Sunday" is a very short story which might have been better longer. A real-life horror, an active mind trapped in a useless body, is the focal point of Elizabeth A. Lynn's "The White King's Dream". The most classic horror story in the group, and my own favorite, is "The Chair" by Alan Dean Foster and Jane Cozart. "Clocks" by Barry N. Malzberg and Bill Pronzini is fairly well-written, but the plot is obvious. The remainder, "Holly, Don't Tell" by Juleen Brantingham, "The Old Man's Will" by Lee Wells, "The Closing Off of Old Doors" by Peter D. Pautz, "Dead End" by Richard Christian Matheson, "Seasons of Belief" by Michael Bishop, and "Petey" by T.E.D. Klein,

a good mixture of styles and plots. Nothing too exciting, just enough to induce a slight chill...

NIGHTMARES, on the other hand, has a few stories of the gee-I'm-too-tired-to-turn-the-light-off-so-I-just-guess-I'll-leave-it-on-all-night variety. "Suffer the Little Children" by Stephen King will make you look twice at the next group of children you see playing "alien". Bill Pronzini's "Peekaboo" is definitely a spine-chiller; thank goodness our apartment building has elevators... "Daughter of the Golden West" by Dennis Etchison, "The Duppy Tree" by Steven Edward McDonald, "Seat Partner" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, "Camps" by Jack Dann, "The Anchoress" by Beverly Evans, "Transfer" by Barry Malzberg, "Unknown Drives" by Richard Christian Matheson, "The Night of the Piasa" by George W. Proctor & J.C. Green, "The Runaway Lovers" by Ray Russell, "Fisherman's Log" by Peter D. Pautz, "Midnight Hobo" by Ramsey Campbell, "Snakes and Snails" by Jack C. Haldeman II, "Mass Without Voices" by Arthur L. Samuels, and "He Kilt It With a Stick" by William F. Nolan are all good,



solid stories. "Naples" by Avram Davidson is too much a rehash of the plot he uses in most of his horror stories. My own favorites are "I Can't Help Saying Goodbye" by Ann Mackenzie, about a little girl with the power of precognition of death; and "The Ghouls" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, a story grotesque and horrible -- and quite funny. Those writers who appear in both collections have in most cases done by far the better work for NIGHTMARES, and I strongly recommend the book to any fan of horror stories.

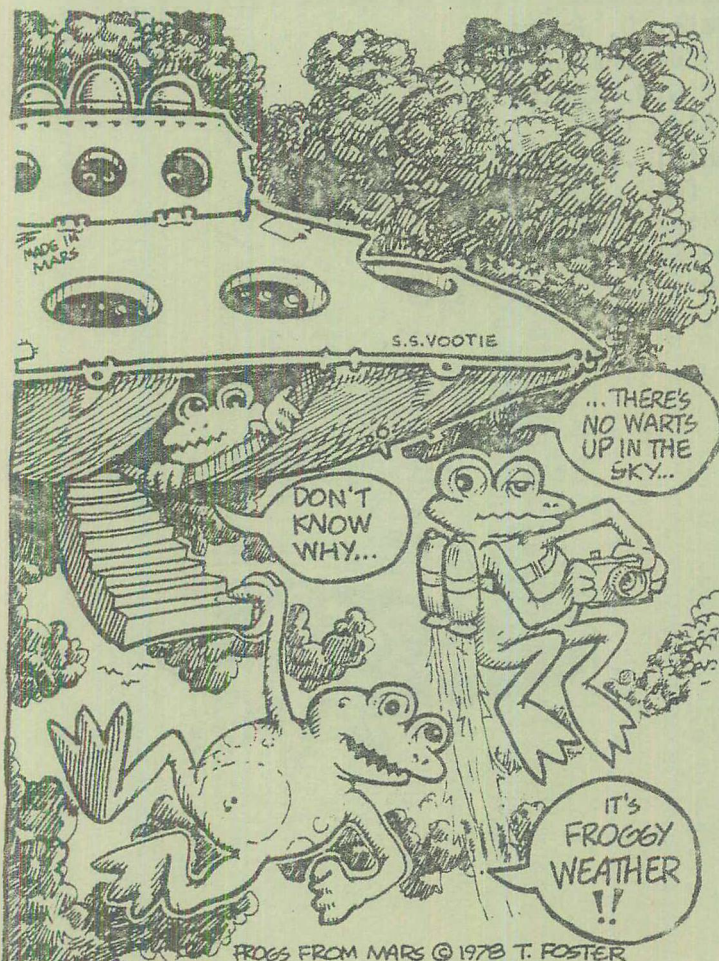
-Reviewed by Carol Kennedy-

THE SHERIFF OF PURGATORY by Jim Morris. Doubleday, 1979. 218pp., \$8.95.

This is a book in the long tradition of after-the-holocaust stories. It is a competent, though unspectacular, example of that subgenre. It does make one claim to uniqueness in this area, however. Mr. Morris is a veteran of the Vietnam conflict, and what he has done is to transfer that war to the American continent. Fifteen years after the Communist invasion which destroyed the U.S. as a viable political power, roving bands of "guerillas" (remnants of the old Army) still demand help and sustenance -- by force if necessary -- in their fight against the "enemy". The new army, like the new government, is ineffective, corrupt, and virtually useless. Real power has descended upon those who grab it, like Senigliero, or those who have it thrust upon them, like Frank Spurlock.

Frank Spurlock is a yogic adept, a man who has come to abhor the use of violence despite his background, who became sheriff of Purgatory, Arkansas by dint of being in the right mood to take the job (and being otherwise unemployed) when it was offered. One of the continuing conflicts in this book is his yogic ideal versus the violence he must be prepared to deal in. Spurlock is pitted against Senigliero, the regional Mafia boss, who wants to move into the relative tranquility of Purgatory (as opposed to the anarchic local despotism of the rest of the country, which he already controls anyway). As if this weren't problem enough, Spurlock is suddenly worried about his children, taken to New York by his wife at the time of their divorce several years before.

Here you have the basic plot elements and the basic problem. Spurlock has already thought it out and decided that 1600 miles through outlaws, the "army", and the wild country between Purgatory and New York was too far to travel for a memory that probably was not even true. After his meeting with Senigliero, however, he abruptly changes his mind, leaving the town of Purgatory to its own devices as he prepares for and embarks on this



very trip. It just doesn't ring true.

On the trip, he finds all the danger and violence he expected; and at its end he finds his children, by a coincidence which strains even that tired device, not at all what he wants them to be. He also finds Senigliero once more, and is forced into the ultimate confrontation. That Spurlock wins goes without saying, but by means of a breakthrough in yogic enlightenment is a bit much.

This is not to say that Mr. Morris is a bad writer. I think he needs a bit more experience, and a somewhat wider grounding in the science fiction genre. He has a clean, economical style which makes for very easy reading, and could become an enjoyable writer with a bit more seasoning.

-Reviewed by Barney Neufeld-

AND THE DEVIL WILL DRAG YOU UNDER by
Jack Chalker. Ballantine, 1979.
273pp., \$1.95.

In my second attempt at a Jack Chalker book, I found something a bit more to my liking. A lot more, actually. His style of writing was better suited to this story line, and his episodic approach to plot deployment was easier to deal with as well.

DEVIL is a fine variation on the old end-of-the-world ploy, with a drunken demon as the focal point around which all action begins. Add two capable, athletic, intelligent, and independent people -- one male, one female -- and five McGuffins (as Alfred Hitchcock would put it), and you get a fine basis for an action/adventure novel with as many variations as McGuffins.

To give you much of the plot would be a disservice, but I will say that the actions take place on five different planes, with Julie and Mac divvying them up, with Asmodeua Mogart taking them to the various planes; and they team up for #5. Of course, Mogart's drunkenness increases while they are getting the McGuffins. He conveniently located himself in a bar and then did a time slow-down so has virtually the run of the place. It gets progressively harder for Mogart to do the job, as it were.

My chief complaint is that Chalker created a fine character in Mogart, and then wasted him on connecting scenes and framing sequences. He then negates Mogart and his future usefulness (sequels??) with the ending, which is trite. I felt that Chalker lost interest in the book or came too close to his deadline because his wrap-up was more like something PLANET STORIES would have used in the 1940s than the craftsmanship we expect these days.

Still, I think the \$1.95 you spend on this won't be a waste. It is a good read, quick and enjoyable. Something you would reread on a lazy Sunday afternoon. I might still become a Chalker fan, after all. At least my skepticism isn't nearly as strong as it once was.

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-

MIRROR FRIEND, MIRROR FOE by George Takei and Robert Asprin. Playboy Press, 1979.
223pp., \$1.95.

It's not a bad book to be reading on a Greyhound bus or while watching



television. But if I were falling out of the sky with a book in my hand, this would, I hope, not be the book.

The idea is interesting. It involves industrial sabotage, robot going amuck, and a different sort of saboteur: a Ninja. Adept at swordplay, the Ninja are a clan of invisible assassins whose operations are cloaked in secrecy. They can accomplish spectacular acts of deception and sabotage that others can't. Our hero in MIRROR FRIEND, MIRROR FOE, Hosato, is a Ninja. He is hired by Ravensteel, Inc., a robot manufacturing firm, to sabotage its competitor, McCrae Enterprises. Both firms are headquartered on Grunbacker's Planet. Both have security systems that go well beyond the paranoid. We have a situation here that spells Top-Notch Thriller.

But Takei (Sulu from STAR TREK) and Asprin don't pull it off. Evidently Playboy expects Trekkies to buy the book on the basis of Takei's name alone. Asprin by himself has written better books. How odd that this book comes out at the same time as the STAR TREK movie.

Early in the story, Hosato shows some promise of being a hero quite different from the typical macho white American pulp hero. But as the story builds, into incident upon incident of unextraordinary pulp action, all potential for a truly unique sort of hero has been shot to hell. Hosato even gets the girl (albeit one with an arm shot off)!

MIRROR FRIEND, MIRROR FOE is a juvenile's juvenile. Fifteen-year-old James Turner saves the day. Hosato is merely his foil, the diversion that lets the God out of the Box. But what mother would let her teenage son buy a book from Playboy Press? And why would Playboy Press publish a juvenile to begin with?

Questions to ponder as I fall out of the sky with this book in my hand. Oh, yes -- I take aim and fire. It's falling. I'm falling after it. The earth looms closer. Hopefully I'll smash my brains through it.

-Reviewed by Michael Parker Smith-

THE INFINITIVE OF GO by John Brunner. Ballantine, 1980. 154pp., \$1.95.

John Brunner has been a good, solid writer since the fifties. He has produced a surprising number of good, well-written books. He got his start in Ace Doubles; later, in the sixties, he won the Hugo award for his novel STAND ON ZANZIBAR, a successful science fictional imitation of John Dos Passos. Most of the rest of his work is much more straightforward; and while rarely "great", it is almost always above average. His latest book, THE INFINITIVE OF GO, is no exception. Justin Williams and Cinnamon Wright are co-inventors of a device called a poster. It is a matter transmitter of sorts; it can instantaneously transport an object through a dimension called "rho-space" to another poster across the world or in space. It works fine on non-living things, but when people are transmitted, they find the world to be -- different. All hell breaks loose when an injured astronaut uses a poster to return from space and an injured alien, who speaks English and has the same name as the astronaut, arrives on earth.

It turns out that the poster actually transmits people back and forth between parallel universes. Brunner does a lot of interesting speculation on the nature of reality. He comments on governments and the excessive security measures they often take. He examines free will, the paranoia of society, and the nature of humanity. He does a lot in a short book.



It is a good novel and worth reading, especially if you like parallel universe stories. It is probably the most interesting alternate reality story since Harry Harrison's A TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL, HURRAH! It is both a good adventure story, which many readers will finish in one sitting, and a thought-provoking novel. Brunner continues to be able to make us think while he entertains us.

-Reviewed by James Mann-



THE MAKING OF THE TREK CONVENTIONS by Joan Winston.

Playboy Press, 1979. 254pp., \$2.25.

STARTOONS edited by Joan Winston. Playboy Press, 1979. 192pp., \$1.95.

STAR TREK fandom seems to be a puzzle to those SF fen who are not involved in it. For those who have trouble telling the trekkers from the trekkies, THE MAKING OF THE TREK CONVENTIONS can point out the difference. Written by trekker Joan Winston, this book provides not only convention reports, but also gives the reader a general "feel" of Star Trek fandom. Therefore, it is not only useful for the intended audience, the non-active Star Trek enthusiast, but it is also useful for the SF fan who has wondered what Star Trek fandom is all about, as well as being entertaining for Trekfan and non-Trekfan alike.

Basically, the book covers the Star Trek conventions held annually in New York City from 1972 to 1976 (planned and run by active Trekfen). Therefore, the most interesting parts are those concerned with things special to ST conventions: the logistics of anticipating and accomodating thousands of fans at once (long before any SF convention reached amembership above 5000); planning for a large proportion of non-fannish enthusiasts while at the same time keeping the active long-time fans interested; and bringing in popular celebrities and keeping them and their fans (and the committee) sane. Further, there is additional satisfaction in seeing Trekfandom from an actifan point of view: the despair in seeing fanzine writers of excellent Trek fiction being passed over for professional Trek publication (though there are a few exceptions); the frustration at being characterized time and time again by non-Trekfen as immature and without literary judgement; and the joy in knowing that there are others who are also as crazy about Star Trek as they are over SF in general. It is much more than a book about Trek conventions or Trekfans; it is a book about Trek fandom. Recommended for anyone interested in Trekfandom; particularly recommended to anyone bewildered by Trekfandom.

STARTOONS is a collection of cartoons. Most are Star Trek/Star Wars/Close Encounters/Alien/related media SF cartoons. Most have appeared in Star Trek fanzines over the years. There is no central theme, or grouping by subject or artist. Nonetheless, the effect of the whole is entertaining.

The best thing about the book is that it gives the humorists of the Star Trek/Star Wars genre a wider audience. Most SF fen have seen Phil Foglio's deservedly famous convention reports, three of which appear in this collection. But few have seen THE STAR TREK PRIMER or Gordon Carleton's Star Trek/Star Wars cartoons, which until now have had a smaller but appreciative audience of Star Trek fanzine enthusiasts. Read and enjoy.

-Reviewed by Joan Marie Verba-

THE DRAWING OF THE DARK by Tim Powers. Ballantine, 1979. 328pp.

This is an excellent first novel by Tim Powers, another discovery presented to the SF reading world by Lester Del Rey. Del Rey seems to have joined in a

vigorous battle with Donald Wollheim for the cream of the newest batch of SF writers. The results so far have mostly benefited us, the reading public.

Powers, along with a few other writers in recent books, explores the Arthurian legend and presents us with a fascinating character study of one Brian Duffy. Duffy is a mercenary of many years duration and many campaigns. His world is not exactly like ours, but it is close enough, much like Katherine Kurtz' Deryni, for the reader to make a quick identification and to get into the story easily. His Merlin counterpart, Aurelianus, seems to be a man with fingers in many pies, and knowledge of things disparate and mystic. None of this seems to bother Duffy, and why this is so comes out smoothly in the book.

It is a bit padded, though. Much space is dedicated to Duffy drinking and sleeping at his temporary place of employment (as a bouncer), the Zimmermann Inn. With some of this dropped or skimmed, the page count could have dropped to 270 or so and still it would be a fine book.

One thing more. If you don't know how to fence, or do, or if you have only enjoyed movie presentations by Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone, or Tyrone Powers and George Sanders, this book goes into great detail in Duffy's various fights and made none of them boring. To me, this is a great bit of writing.

This is recommended very much. I found myself coming back to it again and again during my hyphenated reading schedule, and actually screwed up work a few times (long lunch breaks, etc.) because I was that involved. Try it, you'll like it.

-Reviewed by Lee Pelton-

Warning: Ending Revealed

TRANSFIGURATIONS by Michael Bishop. Putnam, 1979. 311pp., \$10.95.

When I read Michael Bishop's "Death and Designation Among the Asadi" several years ago, I thought it a fascinating account of an elusive alien intelligence with whom we have no evolutionary linkage; though I found Chaney's anthropological study of the Asadi to be exceedingly silly. Now we have TRANSFIGURATIONS which tells, as Paul Harvey would put it, The Rest Of The Story. I was prepared for a novel that would expand upon the fascinating Asadi, and like the chrysalis motif Bishop himself uses, reveal the magical moth within, then let it fly away, forever beautiful and elusive, leaving us with a sophisticated sense of wonder.

But neither Bishop nor his characters, Egan Chaney's daughter Elegy Cather, and Thomas Benedict, the lazy, somewhat slovely archaeologist from "Death and Designation" are willing or able to field the challenge. Elegy comes to Boskveld with one purpose, and only one, in mind: find her father Egan Chaney. Benedict is to accompany her and assist her in any way. By Chapter Two, I knew Elegy would find her father. She knows it too, knows it all along. Benedict is along for the ride. And then there is Kretzoi, a hybridized chimpanzee/baboon who has been surgically altered to look like an Asadi -- the idea being that Kretzoi will be able to find out enough about the Asadi so Elegy can find her father. He does. But what Elegy has done to Kretzoi is immoral and inexcusable, and Benedict's acquiescence in the whole scam is to be equally damned. I reached a point in TRANSFIGURATIONS where I said, "Who the hell cares!", where I no longer had any sympathy for Elegy and her stupid quest, or for Benedict and his venality. I

could no longer see either of these people as people with any sense of moral vision or purpose. If I were Bishop, I'd have gone after them with a whip.

In TRANSFIGURATIONS, Bishop lets the wrong moth fly away. There is no sense of wonder here, none, despite some very interesting ideas. The Asadi give birth to twins, one of which is kept

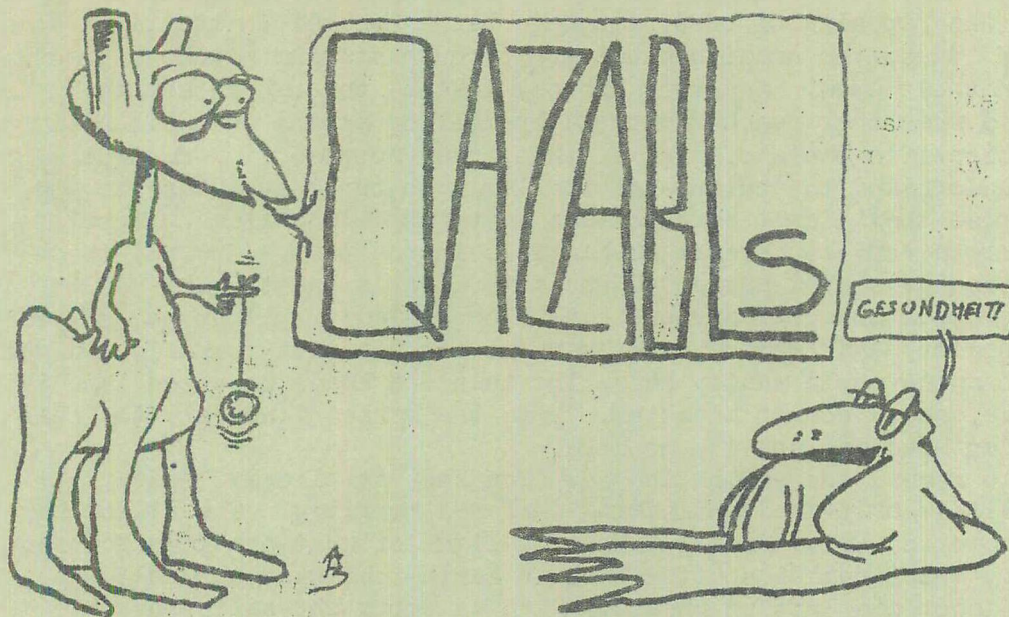


alive in a cannibalized state to nurture the other sibling. The Asadi brain, it is suggested, is wired the opposite of ours, language being located in the right side instead of the left. Thus, the Asadi communicate through staring matches, spectral patterns swirling in their eyes. And they photosynthesize through those same remarkable eyes, feed when they reach adulthood by milling around in their clearing. Despite the shaky scientific basis of some of this, just suppose it were true. How could we study and understand the culture of the Asadi to our mutual benefit and understanding? Suppose they didn't even possess anything we'd call a culture? Bishop might have worked wonders here as he has done in the past. But no, these questions, these ideas are shoved aside, adjuncts to Elegy's quest. She has to communicate with the Asadi somehow, anyhow. And Bishop gladly obliges the 22-year-old brat just as Benedict, and Kretzoi, and everyone else in this transfigured world obliges her. He blows the whole wad by revealing that the Asadi have the same type of hemoglobin we have, and a common ancestor. Kiss the sense of wonder, the real challenge to the human mind and spirit, goodbye.

I don't have to reveal the ending to you. You know it already. Elegy finds Egan Chaney, albeit half-dead and having suffered horribly. She kills the poor sod and feels remorse, but it's all a sham in light of what has come before. And in the end, Elegy and Benedict scuttle back to Earth to lick their self-righteous wounds. Bishop has left us cheated, with an empty chrysalis in our hands, and nary a glimpse of that wondrous moth.

-Reviewed by Michael Parker Smith-





THE LETTERS

David Schlosser
6620 Hazeltine Ave. #9
Van Nuys, CA 91405

I'm really glad that you [two] remain good friends. You are both included in my group of favorite people, and the thought of you as anything other than the best of friends just doesn't sit right with me. "Breaking up" while maintaining love is as difficult a task as you can find. Ghod bless you for having succeeded.

((((Thanks, David. We both feel very lucky to have such friends as each other -- and you.)))

Allan Beatty
P.O. Box 1040
Ames, IA 50010

I feel that Jeanne Gomoll's article, "I Was a Sercon Spy for Madstf", was not appropriate for a club fanzine such as RUNE. Perhaps Madison fen are clones who all think alike, but surely in Minn-STF there is a wide variety of individuals, many of whom will be offended by the blatant anti-cat prejudice that Jeanne Flaunted.

Jeanne not only claimed that wrapping a cat in a scarf is a good thing to do, she also described the technique in detail. This in a family fanzine yet! She even went so far as to ridicule the response of cats to this kind of treatment! Jeanne, the cats that you wrapped were not dumb, they were merely astounded at receiving such undignified treatment from a member of a species (Homo Fanaticus) which usually gives them great respect. How would you feel if someone treated you that way? How about a Jeanne-wrapping at Minicon?

On the other hand, I must concede that the idea of cat-wrapping appeals to a sadistic streak in my makeup. And lurid though the text was, neither it nor Ken Fletcher's customarily fitting cartoon adequately pictures the dynamics of the process. What are the chances of a cat-wrapping panel at the next WisCon? (I hear their guest of honor will be James Kirkwood, author of P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD.)

((((Your letter was the inspiration for Ken Fletcher's cartoon on the next page. Jeanne, be warned...)))

Mary Tyrrell
414 Winterhaven Drive
Newport News, VA 23606

I first saw Carol's change of address in FILE:770 and thought, "Uh, oh -- another relationship down the drain." I'm delighted, upon reading your editorials, to find that it isn't so. People change, but often one changes when

another does not, and there is conflict and hurt. You've been wise enough and fortunate enough to rework your relationship to fit your new lives. I'm genuinely glad...

I was intrigued by the cat-wrapping test and, having a long muffler and a cat to hand, decided to conduct my own experiment. At first the cat, Walnut by name, seemed disinclined to cooperate, but after a mild wrestling session, I got her middle wrapped and put her down on the floor. She certainly looked bewildered, but she was standing there. I felt a chill of apprehension creeping along my spine. Could it be that Walnut's alienness was not merely feline but SOMETHING ELSE? Then, to my relief, she staggered and, while she did not fall over, it is only because she plowed into a table leg and sort of slid to the floor where she lay, looking pathetic. I took pity and freed her from her bondage. It took a bribe of half 'n' half before her nerves were soothed.

Gordon Linzner
138 W. 70th St., #4B
New York, NY 10023

I took one healthy year-old female Burmese, wrapped her (not without a struggle) in my pseudo-Dr. Who scarf, and set her down. She did not seem particularly bemused (we'd done stranger things) -- she took four or five (how does one

count cat steps?) steps and, as predicted, fell down. Deliberately. However, this is hardly proof of low I.Q., since it became obvious that, lacking hands, the easiest way to escape such wrappings is to fall down and slide out. Cats may not be as bright as, say, Koko, but this is not the way to prove it. Our cat did not walk or scurry away in embarrassment, but glared accusingly at us until we were forced to drag her pull toy around for her to chase.



Jan Brown
16711 Burt Rd. #302
Detroit, MI 48219

This issue of RUNE ought to really baffle Jeanne Gomoll. Immediately after a

quintessentially silly story from John Bartelt (did he really come from the Hotbed of Serconicity? No wonder he's so silly -- it's all reaction!) comes a perceptive and exceedingly sercon article on Simak from Dave Wixon. Will the real Minn-STF please stand up?

Jerry Kaufman
4326 Winslow Place N.
Seattle, WA 98103

The Jeanne Gomoll/Ken Fletcher article/ art. Wow, gee, gosh. I enjoyed

the hell out of it all. Jeanne should write more often, on a variety of subjects. However, I tried wrapping a cat in San Francisco and it merely slunk away. It did not fall over. I'll have to take lessons. As for Ken's cartoons, the heading and several of the spots are among his finest work. And

the one of the cat falling over has cosmic implications. Did you look up the hexagram (I think that's what they're called, those six-line thingies from the I Ching)? Someone here did. Hoo, boy!

Pretension. I seem to recall you saying, "Why are zines with good graphics and mediocre writing considered pretentious, when zines with good writing and mediocre graphics are not?" Well, I looked up the meanings for "pretentious" in my dictionary, and they jibed with my understanding of the word, to wit: a sham, a false front, a pretense, pretending to be something one isn't; also, ostentatious and showy.

Expensive, splashy graphics are a show, a promise of something within.

((But why must they be considered a promise of good writing within? Why aren't they a promise of good graphics or art, and nothing more? That seems to me the obvious implication.)))

They are packaging. Doing them well takes skill, but by themselves they mean nothing. (Good art in itself means something, but "graphic design" isn't art, it's craft, and should be subordinate to art as well as writing.)

((In making a pronouncement on what is and what isn't "art", you have, I think, opened up a whole new line of interminable argument. I have never met two people who agree on what is and what isn't art. Many graphic designers do consider themselves artists, and many of their admirers so consider them.)))

So a fanzine with good graphic design but poor art and writing is pretentious by definition. On the other hand, a fanzine with ordinary or even poor graphic design may be no joy to look at, but it isn't promising a damn thing and so can't be pretentious.

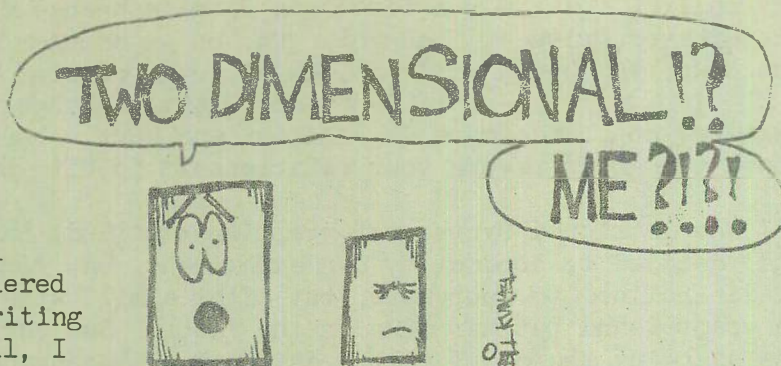
((If it is the viewer's interpretation of the graphic design that it promises good writing, doesn't that say something about the viewer's values and expectations, rather than about the designer's motivation? -Carol-)))

Gary Farber
602-12th Ave. E.
Seattle, WA 98102

Barney Neufeld points out in his letter the difference between criticism and reviewing. My column for Brain Earl Brown is criticism from the basis of my own personal views. It should be clear that in no possible way do I want to dictate what a

fanzine should be like, nor do I want an editor to do something different from their desire. I don't think it's inappropriate, though, for me to have a whack at discussing where I think something succeeds, or what I think of it. Your quick summary of my words is accurate enough for use here. I have no wish whatsoever to "prove something worthy of contempt", of course, and naturally I'm unhappy that my words should even inadvertantly find themselves being taken that way...

Why is it considered unfortunate but acceptable if the disparity between writing and graphics goes one way, but contemptible if it goes the other way, you ask? Well, that's a straw man. Of course, neither the person nor the fanzine is contemptible. I don't even find the reverse "unfortunate". But I do think a fanzine with "good graphics" and bad writing to be completely uninteresting to me because I am interested in the communication of the written word that goes on in fanzines. A fanzine with lots of "graphics" and nothing to say has nothing to say to me...



((((I understand that, and it correlates rather closely with my own preferences. The main point of my article was to decry the use of the term "pretentious" in this context. It's my opinion that it's inappropriate, unfair, and inaccurate. I also think that it has become something of a buzzword, both in fandom and elsewhere, and that it does, in fact, carry connotations of contempt.)))

Seth Goldberg
P.O. Box 7309
Menlo Park, CA 94025

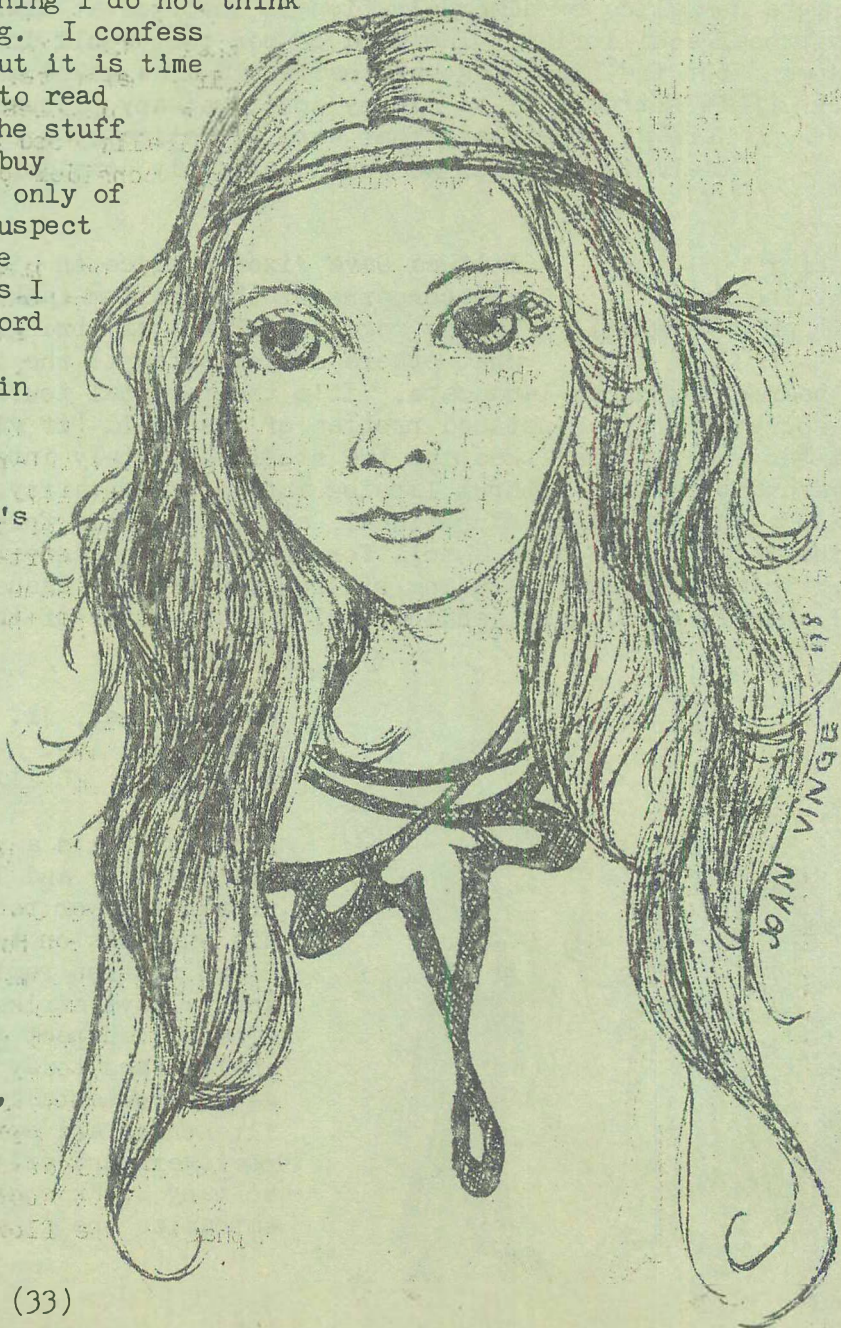
Carol makes a good point in her fanzine review column about the rather hypocritical way fans use the word "pretentious". Frankly, if an editor can do layout better than get great writing, I see nothing wrong with dressing up the zine a bit.

For me at least, clever layouts are as enjoyable as some articles, in much the same way as a "pretty picture". There is beauty in well done layout and graphic design, and I feel sorry for those who refuse to see it.

An answer to Chester Cuthbert: In my collecting, I have one hard and fast rule, which is never to buy anything I do not think I will ever get around to reading. I confess to having many an unread book, but it is time limitations only. I would like to read every book I own. I also rank the stuff I like in terms of quality, and buy hardcovers or expensive editions only of books I think are excellent or suspect will be. I also do not try to be completist about an author unless I (a) actually think nearly every word he wrote was great or (b) have some sort of scholarly interest in the books (meaning I would actually write a research paper on them). Basically do not bother to collect for collecting's sake, collect because there is something you truly want to read.

Wade Gilbreath
4206 Balboa Ave.
Pinson, AL 35126

I think that the "pretentious" label is largely unjust. "Pretentious" seems to be equated with a strong visual emphasis in fanzine production, and it stems, I feel, from the traditional view of periodicals and magazines as a means of communication rather than a holistic art form. Historically, graphics, illustrations and layout have always been an embellishment or package for the



text and, therefore, have been of secondary importance. The word "illustration" itself underlines this relationship...

I do feel that in such an eclectic field as fanzine editing, anyone who rejects the traditional sense of fanzines as strictly a communication tool should not be held up for derision. The intentionally denigrating label "pretentious" serves no useful purpose and fosters a climate in which experimentation is discouraged rather than encouraged.

((((I'm glad to get an artist's point of view -- and well-written!
I agree with you, except on one point: You seem to imply that
graphics in and of themselves are not a communication tool.
I think that they can be. -Carol-)))

John Hertz
2941 N. Broadway
Chicago, IL 60657

I don't really care about bigotry. And I'm much more interested in looking at naked women than at naked men. I just don't understand why we have all these naked women in fannish art, and only naked women. In PLAYBOY I understand it.

Maybe no malice or discrimination is involved at all. Maybe we have a non-reciprocal equilibrium. The kind of men that would draw naked women draw naked women, but the kind of women that would draw naked men do something else.

((((It's true that we simply don't get any pictures of naked men.
Were we to get any that were artistically good and not too
blatantly erotic, we would certainly consider publishing them.)))

Greg Benford
1105 Skyline Drive
Laguna Beach, CA 92651

I liked Dave Wixon's piece on Simak; he caught the flavor and concerns of this seldom-talked-about giant. Simak is the regional SF writer, bringing off time and again what others seldom attempt: the infusion of cosmic themes

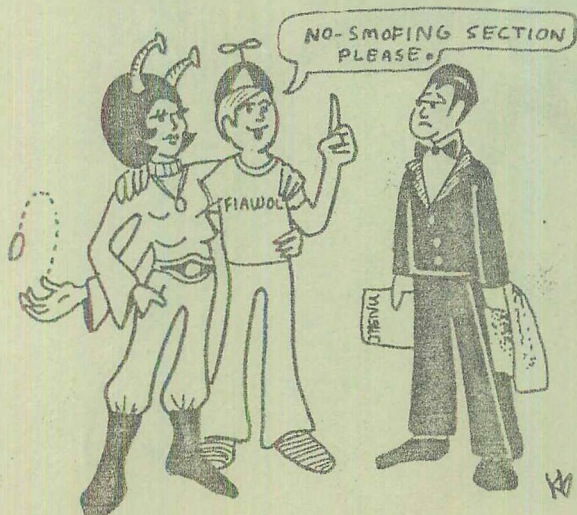
with a heartening human landscape. It's the personal touch I most value in Simak. He has solved the often-noticed problem of the field (if viewed from outside, this problem becomes immense): keeping the stuff resolutely intertwined with personal problems and concerns, without lapsing into sentimentality. Dave's analysis of how he does this was most educational, and I thank him for it.

Thanks also to Jeanne Gomoll for the light and entertaining piece on you locals. This and Digre's amusing bit rounded off the issue for me. RUNE is that unusual animal, a balanced genzine, which we have few of these degenerate days.

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I liked best in this issue Dave Wixon's little essay on Cliff Simak and his recent

fiction. It's a perfect example of how to write wisely and learnedly without seeming pretentious or recondite or professorial. His emphasis on the pastoral element in Simak fiction reminds me again of the paradox that always strikes me and apparently nobody else. I suspect that at least 75% of all active fans today would classify themselves as environmentalists in varying degrees of intentness and activity. And yet so many reviewers and critics grumble over the way so many Simak stories share the rural settings, emphasize the flora and fauna of the country-



side, and dwell on the simple pleasures of living around nature. Doggone it, that's what the environment is all about. Someone who gets all het up about a proposal to build a power plant in the middle of nowhere or joins demonstrations against the use of a particular insecticide, but gets bored reading about the nature which is the basis of such efforts, just might be more interested in blowing off steam than in the cause which he professes...

And Leah Fisher is right about just about anyone being able to be represented in the Congressional Record. It reprinted a couple of years ago an enormous article I wrote honoring a local journalist who had completed fifty years on the job. A congressman knows him. They didn't send me a contributor's copy.

Someday, someone should take the time to make a thorough survey meant to determine once and for all if there's a consistent jinx on fanzines whenever a writer in them criticizes someone's spelling or grammar or other linguistic uses. If the curse exists, it was in fine fettle when this RUNE's brief review of the new Mack Reynolds novel griped about its need for a copy editor, and then six words further along "miniscule" slipped through.

((Guilty! It was I who typed it. I do know better, to the extent that I am aware that "minuscule" is one of those words which even people good at spelling usually misspell; and I should have checked it. -Carol-)))

Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave., #9-B
Trenton, NJ 08618

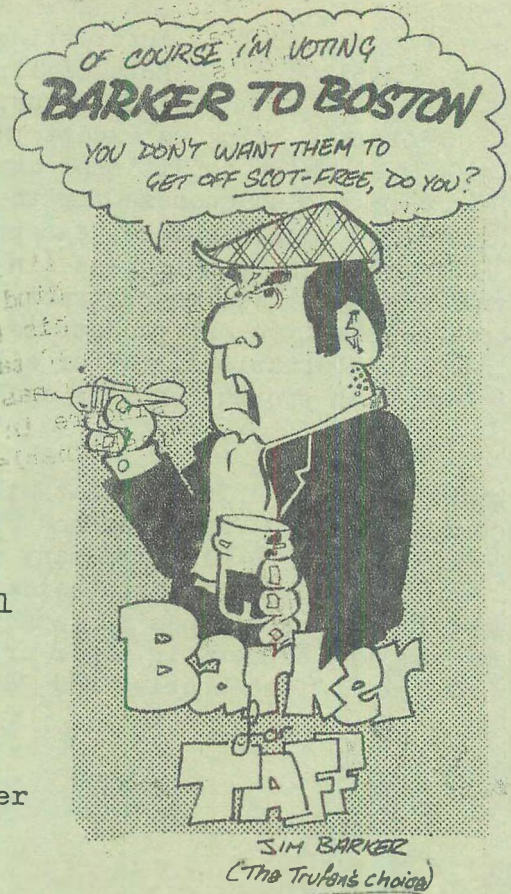
Carol's limerick to Roy Tackett might blaze a new trail...
There was a swinger named Pelton.
In his closet he had no skeleton!
He came upon fandom,
And soon, hot damdum,
The femmes' hearts he was meltin'.

Lithesome lass Carol Kennedy
Received fanzines so manydy,
That sitting midst the pile,
Fast losing her smile,
She exclaimed, "Great Ghu, is there no endiddy?"

((((I have a very bad feeling about this...)))

Zetta Dillie
4601 MacArthur #7
New Orleans, LA 70114

Barney Neufeld's review of IMAGE OF THE BEAST by PJF was objective, well thought out, and does what it should -- interest you enough to read it yourself. He also gave fair warning about it being grotesque. Unlike the usual advertisements warning of "Sexually explicit, adult material, etc.", meant to titillate, this says not to read it if you don't want to be grossed out. Admirable, and I'll probably read it.



Barney Neufeld
2726 Girard Ave. S. #B-1
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Jan Brown's loc: You're not just "just", eh? It's an interesting point, and one which bears thinking about. Lots of lip-service is paid to the "fact" that we are, each of us, individual and unique, isn't it? But what

does this uniqueness bring us except pain, and loneliness, and desperation? That's why -- and how -- we're conditioned against it. We are constantly pressured to conform, to deny our uniqueness for the smooth running of the group. It becomes very difficult to remain unique, except in our own heads. And that is a lonely place indeed. Difference is meaningless (in fact, non-existent) until it is contrasted. But we are rarely allowed to contrast.

Carol's answer to Mr. Tackett is priceless. But, then, I suppose we must forgive him his aberrations. After all, if he has sold three of his walls as artwork, he can't have much protection left against that hot New Mexico sun, can he?

Dave Szurek
4417 Second, Apt. B15
Detroit, MI 48201

I like what Mike Glicksohn has to say about television. Mind you now, I'm not a TV freak myself, and I don't share his (and many others') enthusiasm for sports. But matters of taste aside, the absolutely snobbish approach to television

encountered so frequently has run annoyingly thin. One wonders whether certain of the detractors are sincere in their criticism, or just trying to be trendy. After all, it has grown "fashionable" and "Stylish" to put down the tube.



QUEEN of SWORDS

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

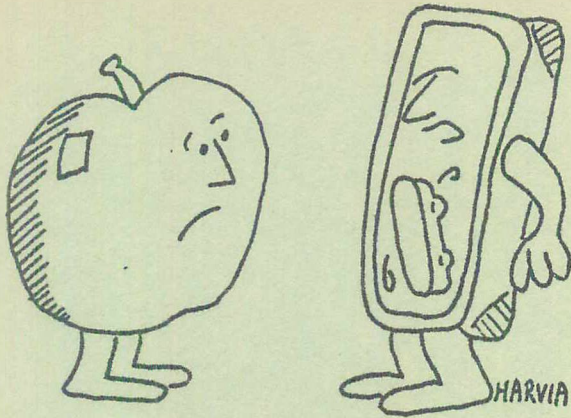
Brian Earl Brown, Rick Sneary,
Amy Falkowitz, Burt Libe,
Weiner J. Smith, Anita L. Cole,
Lee Ann Goldstein, Vernon Clark,
Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Marty Levine,
David Thayer, David Palter,
Joe Pearson, P.L. Caruthers,
Stephen Borer, Wayne Hooks,
Robert Briggs, Bill Futreal,
Neal Wilgus, George J. Laskowski, Jr.,
Jim Mann, Mary Kay Jackson,
R Laurraine Tutihasi, Harry Andruschak,
J. Owen Hanner, Alexander Doniphan
Wallace, Stephen M. St. Onge,
Scott R. Bauer, Dennis Jarog,
Tony Renner, Luke McGuff,
Amy Harlib.

SPECIAL THANKS TO these people, without whom this issue of RUNE would not exist:

Garth Danielson, for once again saving
the ish by running an emergency
illo;

Jonathan Adams, Rachel Fang,
Steve Glennon, Page Ringstrom.

AGENTS: John Purcell, Barney Neufeld,
Steve Glennon.



Don't ever go to a Minn-stf meeting. They'll eat you alive!

Minn-STF meetings are open to everyone. The official starting time is 1:30 P.M., and things go on until the host collapses from exhaustion (and sometimes beyond). There is usually a short (5 min. or so) meeting during the "meeting", and the rest of the time, it looks like a party. It's always appreciated if you bring something to eat and drink, but for those who forget, or find it inconvenient, or who stay longer than they expected, we will be passing the bucket at each meeting to collect munchie money.

At this time we do not have a schedule of future meetings. Regular attendees and local fans will receive an Einblatt soon with dates and places listed. The next regular meeting date is April 19. If you don't receive an Einblatt or need other information, call one of the Board members listed below, or RUNE editor Lee Pelton at 822-3675.

On March 22, Minn-STF elected a new Board of Directors:

Jonathan Adams	874-0657
Gerri Balter	870-1620
Scott Imes	870-4368
Carol Kennedy	874-0657
Dave Wixon	825-0018

The Board will meet on March 30 to name the new officers.

*
* Changes of Address:

* Sarah Prince,
* 343 E. 19th St. #7B
* Mpls., MN 55404

* Neil Belsky
* 1902 - 4th Ave. S. #6A
* Mpls., MN 55404

* Tess Kolney
* P.O. Box 14267
* Mpls., MN 55414

* Karen Trego
* 1902 - 4th Ave. S. #3A
* Mpls., MN 55404

* Ken Konkol
* 3209 Portland Ave. S. #1
* Mpls., MN 55407

* Greg Ketter
* 1163 Matilda
* St. Paul, MN 55117

* Blas Mazzeo
* 1101 E. 80th St. #102
* Bloomington, MN 55420

* Joyce Odum
* 3108 Pillsbury Ave. S.
* Mpls., MN 55408

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* THANKS to the collators of RUNE 58:

* M.K. Digre, Lee Pelton, Pam Dean,
* Joe Wesson, Ken Fletcher, Jan Appelbaum,
* John Purcell, Blas Mazzeo, Evan Morris,
* Dean Gahlon, Judy Curney, John Bartelt,
* Blue Petal, Mike Wood, John Stanley,
* Kate Worley, Mark Richards, Dave Wixon,
* Garth Danielson, Linda Ann Moss,
* Steve Glennon, David Dyer-Barnet,
* Mitch Thornhill, Sarah Prince, Simon Agree,
* Jerry Stearns, Laramie Sasseville,
* Warren Cartwright, Barney Neufeld,
* Matthew Tepper, Dainis Bisenieks,
* Kashia Curney, Elizabeth LaVelle,
* Curtis Hoffmann, Rachel Fang, Richard Tatge.
* * * * *

* And congratulations to Sharon Kahn and
* Richard Tatge on the birth of the youngest
Minn-STFer: Thorin Nathaniel Tatge!

